

# Christian Secretary.

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"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES."

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## THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY

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From the Baptist Memorial.

### PAUL'S DESIRE FOR THE CONVERSION OF HIS KIN- DRED.

Romans ix. 3.—For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ, for my brethren, my kindred according to the flesh.

This text has caused very great trouble to wise and learned expositors. A great variety of ways have been proposed, to remove the difficulty, of a moral kind, which is felt when allowing to it the natural force of the language, as it stands in our version. Some of these proposed variations may here be noticed.

1. Some would change the mode and tense of the first verb, so as to make the apostle say that he *did* wish himself, &c., viz. in the former state of his unbelief. But this is incongruous with the scope, and the whole argument of the apostle, who is showing his present love and compassion for his brethren; not his former willing estrangement from Christ. Those who would be sticklers for grammatical interpretation in this instance would do well to compare the verb, (both mode and tense) in this instance, with a similar case in Acts xxv. 22, where Agrippa says, *I would hear the man*; not, *I did* hear, or desire to hear, which would make nonsense.

2. Various meanings have also been given to *anathema*, rendered in our version, *accursed*, as "excommunicated from Christ," i. e., from the church; others, "devoted to destruction"; others, "consecrated, set apart." Perhaps neither of these present the true idea.

3. What is the relation of this *anathema* to Christ? Our version says, *from*; Prof. Stuart would prefer to say, *by*. But if the same meaning may be given to this Greek particle, *apo*, in this place, which it unquestionably has in 2d Timothy, i. 3, viz. "after the pattern," custom, example, then a new and beautiful sense will be given to the whole, and all its difficulty is removed. Since Christ, out of his great love for the accursed, and lost, condescended to be made, in the eye of the law, and was regarded by the people as *accursed*, when he suffered crucifixion; and since he did this for those who hated him,—Paul, who loved to imitate, as well as to preach Christ, would here seem to emulate this pattern of his divine Lord, in his affection for the unbelieving Jews who hated him.

Yet Paul too well understood the nature of Christ's vicarious death, really to think of helping out, or adding to the value of that one perfect offering, which once for all had been presented by our great High Priest. He does not, therefore, really propose this,—certainly not with that view. But in a form of expression admirably adapted to evince the ardency of his love for these rejecters of the gospel, he says, *I could even wish myself accursed* after the manner of Christ, (i. e., crucified,) for my brethren, if, haply, that might move them to renounce their prejudices, and yield themselves cordially to faith in the Redeemer.—The learned Dr. Waterland approves of this rendering, and it is noticed by McKnight with apparent commendation. Nor can I hesitate to say, that if any change from the obvious idea, communicated by our version, is to be introduced, this seems to me the best.

But perhaps, after all, the old and obvious sense is to be preferred; and if we possessed a sufficient degree of disinterested, holy, self-sacrificing love, we might find no great difficulty in according to it the praise of a high but rarely approached example of real devotedness to God's glory, and the welfare of mankind. With the views which Paul elsewhere expressed, of the effect which the conversion of the fulness of Israel to the Lord, would have on the gentiles, can a real christian, in his best moments, wonder that the apostle should be willing to suffer any thing for the accomplishment of an end so glorious! In this view, too, the hypothetical or optative sense of the first verb, comes in to qualify the object. He does not suppose that such an offering is consistent, or that it can avail; but if it could, his free heart is ready. The sentiment then is, "Such is my love for my kinsmen after the flesh, that, were it possible, I would devote myself to the destruction which threatens them, could they but escape by such means." Stuart. This is even less obnoxious to objection, than the prayer of Moses, Exod. xxxii. 32, "Spare this people, or blot me out of thy book." If the latter was not inconsistent with reverence and duty, assuredly the former may be more easily defended.

Po'keepsie, May 12th, 1845.

### READING THE BIBLE IN PALESTINE.

Have you never been absent from home a number of years, and as you have returned, and looked at the fences and trees, the rocks and hills, have they not seemed to bid you welcome? So it is when you carry the Bible to Palestine. This is its home. Here, you labor from week to week, by maps, and paintings, and geographical descriptions, to understand the allusions contained in the Bible; and still you form but imperfect and feeble conceptions of them. But there the Bible is at home. Let me give you a specimen. Suppose you are reading the fourth chapter of John.—There is before you the well of Jacob, in the parcel of land which Jacob gave to his son Joseph—it stands at the foot of the mountain, where the Samaritan woman inquired of her Saviour, whether it was in Jerusalem or in this mountain where men ought to worship. Turning to another pas-

sage, we find this parcel of land was that which Jacob bought of Shechem when his tent was pitched in the valley before Salim. I have been at the well. It is now called the well of Jacob. I have seen that valley and that mountain—and across the valley is still a village called Salim.—But turn to another, the delivery of the law upon Mount Sinai. Here is such a description of the scene as renders it necessary to suppose there was a mountain, by the side of which was a plain large enough for the children of Israel to assemble in.

Now if no such plain could be found adjacent to such a mountain, what would be the natural conclusion? Travelers have asserted that there is not. Going from Suez, on the third day you begin to enter the mountains. On the seventh day you behold a mass of mountains still more elevated. Within the cluster is Mount Sinai.—There is an easy way of access to it through a valley on the other side, by which travelers usually approach—but we worked up our way through ravines and precipices, till in three hours we reached the top. There we found a plain. On one side it was hemmed in by mountains, to appearance destitute of vegetation, and presenting a gloomy aspect. On the other were mountains, and still more destitute of verdure. We passed the plain, and at the other end rose Mount Sinai. It seemed as we approached that Mount Sinai was made on purpose for the giving of the law. There was the plain descending towards the mountains, to give an audience the better opportunity to approach to its base; it was indeed the "mount that might not be touched." We ascended a spot farther back, but from this place no plain could be discovered. We then went back to the other end overlooking the plain. Our guide said it was impossible to ascend the rock. We attempted to ascend, and were obliged to return.—At length we worked our way up; and what do you suppose was our first act? I had taken my Hebrew Bible, and I opened to the 20th chapter of Exodus, and read aloud the ten commandments, which were spoken from the mount in a voice of thunder. You will not accuse me of weakness, if I almost felt the mountain shake.—Since that day the thunders of Sinai have had a new meaning to me.—Rev. Eli Smith.

### MAGNIFYING GOD.

The ensuing passage in his own history, is said to have been at times recited by Rev. Dr. Backus, of Bethlehem, Conn., and always with solemn interest.

Early after his settlement as successor to the renowned Dr. Bellamy, he was returning on horseback from abroad, and overtaken, just before reaching the village, a venerable negro—whom, without being recognized, he at once identified as a golly member of the Bethlehem church.—Anxious, as we may suppose, to know how his own ministrations were relished after the distinguished labors of his predecessor, he accosted the humble parishioner beside him, and a dialogue, substantially the following, occurred:

Mr. Backus. What place is this before us, my friend?

Negro. Bethlehem, Massa.

B. Ah! Dr. Bellamy used to preach there, I think: who have you now to succeed him?

N. Massa Backus.

B. And what sort of a preacher is he?

N. Very good, massa, very good. Massa Backus he nice man.

B. Well, but which do you like best for a preacher, your new minister or the old one?

N. (With a shrug, and reluctantly,) Ah, Massa, Massa Backus he good preacher, he very good man; but Massa Bellamy HE MAKE GOD so big!

That sublime and just comment on the preaching of his venerable predecessor, dwelt ever on the heart of Backus. "I felt in it," said he, "what must be the grand scope of my ministry."

Just so. Man is always big enough in his own conceit. Self chokes the heart, overshadows the whole man, and excludes the glory of the blessed God from irradiating, warming, animating the soul. The grand point to be effected is, to reduce pride—to humiliate man—so that God may be all in all. Then alone is the office of a minister dignified—when he exalts and glorifies God.—Then alone can faith triumph, and ask great blessings—when it has the most impressive sense of the Divine majesty and fullness. "I am Jehovah thy God, that brought thee out of the land of Egypt. Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it."—Losing that vast thought of JEHOVAH, we sink all. Devotion needs more than a co-operating Deity. The sin-stricken and broken-hearted would despair without an Omnipotent Saviour. It is then that peace fills the lowly trembling spirit, and doubt yields to ineffable assurance,—when all in all, over all, God is realized—sovereign—infinite—so big!!—N. E. Parlan.

(From the London Spectator.)

### A ROMANCE THAT MAY BECOME A REALITY.

The Voice of Jacob, a respectable periodical supported by the leading English Jews, advocates "the establishment of agricultural Jewish settlements in Palestine." There can be no doubt that this people have of late years evinced a decided taste for taking part in colonizing adventures, and have, many of them, been very successful in colonial business. The London periodicals we have named is not the only organ of the Jews that wishes to direct this enterprising spirit towards Palestine. Mr. Noah, an American Judge of the Jewish persuasion, delivered a lecture at New York, in October, 1844, on the colonization of Palestine by the Jews.

A letter from the continent, quoted last year in "The Voice of Jacob," says—"We would willingly emigrate; we would go to America, to Texas, but most willingly to Palestine, under English protection." A French publication, the Archives Israélites, for February last, proposes "a European committee for Jewish colonization," and adds—"Now is the time for some master mind in our ranks to take a comprehensive and statesmanlike

view of all these scattered movements, and to direct them to a safe and suitable end." The heads of the Jewish congregation at Constantinople some time ago memorialized Sir Moses Montefiore, in the name of the Jews resident in the Ottoman empire, to obtain for them a protection from some European power, similar and equivalent to what is there enjoyed by the various Christian sects.

The enterprise, which seems to be laying strong hold of the imaginations of a large proportion of the European Jews, appears at first sight feasible enough. The population of Syria has been reduced to a tithe of what the country would easily support; whole districts are uninhabited. With the permission of the Ottoman Government, the Jews wishing to colonize in Palestine could easily find lands. The old constitutional mode of government and taxation in Turkey favors the formation of a number of agricultural settlements. The Divan declares how much tribute each village or district has to pay; leaving the principal inhabitants to apportion the contribution of each individual, and holding them responsible for the whole. The same parties exercise the internal police of their community, subject to the surveillance of the higher authorities. The institutions of the Ottoman empire would afford the Jewish colonists a large scope of local self-government.

Were a number of Jewish Agricultural settlements established at moderate distances from each other, the superior intelligence, industry and wealth of their members would lend them importance, and their numbers and union deter alien tribes from aggression. Secure themselves, they would, as it were, inoculate the population of Syria with steady, industrious habits. The Ottoman Government would be a gainer every way were it to invite the immigration of such colonists, by granting them considerable immunities. At present it cannot preserve order in Syria; that pashalic costs money instead of yielding tribute. The Jews would form the nucleus of an industrious, orderly population, consisting of men who have been trained to live as citizens—who know the value of domestic peace assured by laws—and are not likely to become the tools of ambitious pashas aspiring to independence. In the present temper of the Jews a large body of immigrants might, apparently, be attracted to Palestine, were the Ottoman Government to enter into a definite contract with them, and induce England, or a committee of European powers, to become guaranties for its observance.

From the Boston Recorder.

### "IT IS A GREAT THING TO BE A CHILD OF GOD."

A little circle of the professed disciples of Jesus were gathered beneath a humble roof, and each giving some little account of their religious experience. Many interesting statements were made, but none made so deep an impression on my own mind, as the comprehensive one of a good old mother in Israel. "I have," said she, "been trying to follow my Saviour over sixty years. He has been very precious to me, giving me many tokens of his love; but my experience has taught me this, that it is a great thing to be a child of God." The lesson I hope never to forget.

When I see one who appears content with a few intermittent efforts for the cause of Christ, apparently content that his name is registered with the people of God, I would say to him, "it is a great thing to be a child of God." When I hear one who is a professed disciple, talk as though the road to heaven was a great highway—that he may turn to the world, and mingle in its pleasures, and yet he be thought fanatical, assimilate to its maxims, such an one needs to be reminded that "it is a great thing to be a child of God." With folded arms one may float down to perdition, but not so to heaven.

Those glorified spirits who stand before the throne, raising their ceaseless alleluias to him who sits upon it, if asked who clothed them thus, and how they obtained those golden harps, will say, that through much tribulation, by many trials, through "perils often," they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Alas, what mistakes are made concerning hopes for eternity. If of earthly things, the consequences would be trifling,—but to find, when we come to stand before the tribunal of Him who weighs every moral action in the scale of infinite justice, to find then, it is too late to correct it,—that we have deceived ourselves, and made shipwreck of the soul—how sad the thought. Yet with many this will be an awful reality. May we all remember that wherever we be, in every situation in which we may be placed, that "it is a great thing to be a child of God."

For the Christian Secretary.

### COLPORTEUR SKETCHES.

New York, August, 1845.

Messrs. Editors.—We have just returned from an excursion to the West, where we enjoyed personal intercourse with about forty of the colporteurs of the American Tract Society. Many of them are remarkable men, in their history, christian experience and adaptation to the peculiar work in which they are engaged. Their lives have often been full of incident; and they are brought in contact with such a variety of character and condition among the population they visit, that they have always an anecdote on their lips to illustrate the point of which they are speaking. Had they the literary talent of George Borrow, there are many of them whose history would be scarcely less interesting than his "Bible in Spain."

The materials for this sketch, and perhaps others we may send you, were gathered at meetings of colporteurs, held successively at Syracuse, Detroit, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh. That at Cincinnati continued in session nearly eight days and was attended by more than twenty laborers in the Society's service. Nearly two days were occupied with the individual narration of religious

history and experience; another two days in reports of colporteur labors, and the manner in which they were performed, that each might profit by the practical skill of others, and that mistakes might be corrected; and the remainder of the sessions were taken up with advice from the officers of the Society on a great variety of topics and in devotional exercises. It was a hallowed and blessed occasion. The Spirit of the Most High seemed to breathe on the assembly.

There were members of ten different evangelical denominations present at the meeting, and natives of four or five different nations. But every observer would have supposed that all were of a single brotherhood, as indeed, we were, in Christ Jesus.

The average age of those present at Cincinnati was 39 years, and at Pittsburgh, 35 years—men in the full vigor of experienced manhood.

The sketch enclosed will throw some light on the spirit of Romanism, and on the question whether Romanists can be converted. Another sketch will illustrate the method of treating Catholics, with a view to their conversion. R. S. C.

### A CONVERTED GERMAN ROMANIST'S NARRATIVE.

L. R.—I was educated in the Roman Catholic faith, and continued a firm adherent of that church for thirty-three years. At a suitable age (in 1819) he entered the army, where he continued eight years. There he became intemperate, like many around him. In 1828 he emigrated to America, landing at Philadelphia, and pursuing a wicked life there for a year. He knew that his course led to ruin; but as he had been taught to believe that he could make up for delinquencies in this life in purgatory, his refining fires were his ground of hope and his only consolation in reference to the future. Still his conscience was unquiet. He wished to reform, but knew not the way. He had never read the Bible. He removed to P— with the hope of recovering his health, and lay sick there for a long period. His physician gave up his case as hopeless, and the "sacrament" of extreme unction was administered.—During his illness he reflected on his hopeless condition, and became anxious for his soul's salvation. So wedded was he still to the superstitions of Rome, that he tho't the reading of a great many masses might deliver him from his sins and afford relief to his troubled soul. He sent thirty francs at one time and fourteen at another, to Germany, to procure masses read, the priest in P— asking fifty cents for each mass, while each franc would procure one in Germany. He also prayed to the saints, and repeated again and again the forms of prayer prescribed. But all would not avail. His distress of mind increased.

As he recovered, he resolved to get a Bible, and see if he could not find comfort there. He went to the priest and told him he must have a Bible. The priest refused. R— offered him \$10 for a copy, but he still refused; poor as he was, he offered him \$20, but the priest told him he could not have one on any terms—"the Bible was not made for the common people." R— told him that he must have a Bible, and if he would not let him have a copy, he would get a Lutheran Bible. The priest appeared angry, opened the door and drove him out of the house; telling him to go to church and hear the Gospel from his lips.

R— met a woman with a Bible in her hand one morning, which he purchased after Luther's name had been torn from the title page.—From this he obtained much light. He read it day and night. He sought the company of German protestants, thinking that all protestants who had the Bible were good people. But he found many as ignorant and Christless as were his old associates.

In 1833 he removed to Cincinnati, hoping to find some one to instruct him, but soon encountered some of his old Roman Catholic associates, who offered him the whiskey-bottle. He refused to drink and they called him a Methodist. He knew nothing before of this people, whom he afterwards sought out. He discovered from his Bible that there was no warrant for Romish superstition, and he went from house to house among the Catholics, telling them that they had all been wrong, and that they must change their manner of living or be lost. About five weeks after he came to C., after thus speaking with a family, and when leaving the house, the burden of his sins rolled away, and like the man that had been healed by Peter and John, he could leap for joy and praise God for his goodness. His only christian instructor had been the Bible. He went on from house to house telling the people what had been done for him, in the pardon of his sins. The avails of his daily labor, beyond the expenses of his family, he expended for German Testaments, which he carried to Roman Catholic families, and exhorted them to read, and seek the salvation of their souls. Nor were these labors in vain.

When one of the Secretaries of the Tract Society visited the West three years since, he received a call to labor as a colporteur among the Germans. The will of God was plain, and he had much spiritual enjoyment in his work. The Spirit of God had richly blessed his labors among his poor fellow-countrymen.

### OF A TRINITY.

Despist thou, shrewd reckoner, the God of a good man's worship, and shall thy calculating folly gainsay the unity of three?

Look now abroad, I pray thee; for analogy holdeth in all things, and the Maker hath stamped his image on every creature of his hand. Show me the matter, or the spirit, that is not three in one, and I will show thee a marvel—a being which he hath not created.

Thou hast within thyself, body, and life, and reason; matter, and breath, and instinct unite in all the beasts of the field; substance, coherence, and weight fashion the fabric of the earth; the will, the doing, and the deed combine to frame a fact.

The stem, the leaf, and the flower; beginning, middle and end; cause, circumstance, and con-

sequent; every three is one.

Of three sole elements all nature's work consist; oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon; the rainbow which is light, analyzed, is but three colors, blue, yellow, and red, with their intermediate shades, and in their union they produce colorless light; thus the noonday light is a compound, the true shadow of Jehovah.

Shall all things else be mystery, then, and God alone be understood? Shall finite fathom infinity, though it sound not the shallows of creation? Shall a man comprehend his Maker, being yet a riddle to himself? or time teach the lesson that eternity cannot master.

If God be nothing more than one, a child can compass the thought; but seraphs fail to unravel the wondrous union of three. One verily he is, for there can be but one who is all might; yet the oracles of nature and religion proclaim him three in one. The mind that could compass perfection were itself perfection's equal; and reason itself refuteth its homage to a God that can be fully understood.

Thou that deepst mystery, yet canst expend nothing, wherefore rejectest thou the fact that solveth the enigma of all things? Be content; thine eye cannot see all the sides of a cube at one view; then let not the conceit of thy intellect hinder thee from worshipping mystery.—Turpee.

From the Baptist Record.

### THE PRESENT STATE OF RELIGION.

The subject which forms the caption of this article has occupied my mind of late; and demands (I think about this time) a large share of our thoughts and attention. I have compared the religion of the times, as it is developed in the lives of those who claim the Christian name, with religion as it is revealed, and exhibited in the recorded experience, of the primitive saints; and to me, the comparison has been any thing but satisfactory and encouraging.

The church appears to have enacted a second fall—to have departed from her high and holy destination—to be satisfied with a shadow instead of a substance. All around us we can see nothing but one wide spread desolation—one almost universal death—one entire conformity to the world. Is this the influence of living faith? This the holy religion of our Master Jesus? How shall we reply? We are superficial in all our religious exercises, and duties. While we have the theory of doctrine, and experience, belonging to true and active piety; we have for the most part, lost its heart and soul. I will not take it upon me to say that there is no true religion in the church—I believe there is much. But the circumstances by which we are surrounded, are not calculated to call it forth, in one point of view; yet, in another, there is found all the necessity for active, self-denying piety, that ever existed—all the motive for exertion, that was ever spread out before the church.

Whatever the circumstances may be, that have contributed to produce the present declension, they cannot be regarded in the light of an excuse for it. Worldliness—covetousness—unbelief—and the popular errors of the day, have all had their influence. Our difficulty lies in the fact, that we have been and are still willing, that they should have an influence on our religious character—to depress the standard of piety rather than to exalt it. We are willing to be in a state of moral captivity—to sleep over the interests of a world in sin, to pander to the spirit of the age, to cloak ourselves under the vain excuse of circumstances. These are vain subterfuges. God has never forsaken us, until we, by our wanderings, have forsaken him. "Our sins have separated between us and God. Our iniquities have hid his face from us." We may pray, but he will not hear—we may call, but he will not answer until we are willing to forsake and confess our sins. The church must redeem her lost character, break the bands of her captivity and come out from the world. She must renounce the spirit and service of the world. She must take her place on the elevated summit of Zion. She must unmask herself, throw away every covering, and hold up the light of truth to the world. She must bring to the cross contrite, humble and broken hearts, and there seek an entire conformity to the will of God. She must forsake every thing else but Jesus Christ and his service; and here renew her broken covenant and redeem her violated pledge. When the church has done these things, in the right spirit, she will rise; but until then, she will sit in the dust and mourn her captivity.

Awake then, disciples of Jesus Christ. Go to the throne of grace with hearty confession and fervent prayer. Seek the help of God, and go to your work, in his strength alone. Go in the name of an ever present Saviour, and we shall not long mourn the barrenness of the garden of the Lord, the coldness of our own hearts or the inefficiency of our labors.—Bap. Record.

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN SYRIA.—Our London correspondent, under date of the 3d inst., speaking of the deplorable civil war between the Druses and the Maronites on Mount Lebanon, says:

"I have already mentioned that the American missionaries in Mount Lebanon were very much esteemed by the Druses and the Maronites, and exercised a great influence over them. My statement is now confirmed by letters from Egypt and Syria. One letter, written by an Englishman, was published in a London journal yesterday, and the following just tribute is paid to our devoted countrymen in Syria. The writer says, 'In the midst of the late struggle between them, (the Druses and Maronites,) the American Protestant missionaries acted a noble part. They remained in the villages after they had been burnt and sacked, dressed the wounds of the Maronites, and then went and performed the same good offices toward the Druses, being equally beloved and respected by both; and this while Catholic priests were put to death by the Druses as public nuisances.'"

—Boston Traveller.

EXPULSION FROM FRANCE.—By our foreign news, it will be seen if the Jesuits has been abolished in had become quite numerous, twenty of the order having been re-constituted in matters of religion and this was contrary to existing laws, of man, to disband and retire. Individuals may remain in France, but on that they place themselves under the authority of the bishops and parish Rec.

AGING FACT FOR IRELAND.—At the Religious Tract Society in England, in May last, Rev. Mr. Oland, said, that in the parish of south of Ireland, there were at that time that were a few months ago of Popery, worshipping now liberty of the gospel. By what is this wonderful change was effected, told, but it shows us that bigotry reached by the gospel, and if won over to the truth in Ireland, should think it might be done in Ib.

IN LONDON.—From an abstract of city in London, given in the Pat. that the number of deaths from all the week ending June 28, 1845, these 383 were under 15 years or between 15 and 60, 145 were over age number of weekly deaths in last five years, has been 933. Ib.

### THE WILD AND THE FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

thy work, dear mother,  
thy mother, come with me;  
I found within the garden  
beautiful sweet pea.

rows of stately hollyhocks  
in by the garden wall,  
flow, white, and crimson,  
pale, blue and tall!

ending on their stalks, mother,  
roses white and red;  
the stemmed bilam, all a-blow,  
every garden-bed.

thy work, I pray thee,  
come out, mother dear!  
to buy these flowers,  
they are growing here!

her, little Amy would  
loved these flowers to see!  
remember how we tried to get  
her a pink sweet pea?

remember how she loved  
rose-leaves pale and sore?  
she had but lived to see  
lovely roses here!

thy work, dear mother,  
wipe those tears away;  
come into the garden  
to this set of day!

### ION INSURANCE COMPANY.

North State House Square, in Ex. This company was incorporated by the act of the State, having been incorporated with a capital of One Hundred and Dollars, for the purpose of effecting insurance, and has the power of increasing a million of dollars. It will issue policies on Fire and Marine insurance, and is favorable as other offices. It is made by letter from any part of the State, where no agency is established. The Office for the transaction of business, is at the North State House Square, in Ex. The Directors are, Clark, Ezra Strong, Wm. A. Ward, Northam, John Warburton, Eliza Peck, Eliza Peck, Thomas Belknap, A. G. Hazard, Edmund G. Howe, DANIEL W. CLARK, President, Sec. Secretary.

### D FIRE INSURANCE CO.

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### ELIHALET TERRY, President.

ELIHALET TERRY, President. The Company is principally confined to the purpose of insuring against fire, and therefore so detached that it is not to be considered as a general insurance company. It is in the new State Building, Exchange Hotel, State street, Hartford. Attendance is given for the accommodation.

### THE COMPANY ARE,

Brace, Stephen Spencer, James Thomas, Eliza Peck, Daniel Burgess, Ward Woodbridge, Joseph Church, Horatio Alden, Ebenezer Bealey, THOMAS K. BRACE, President, Secretary.

### BURR & SMITH,

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## Christian Secretary.

HARTFORD, AUGUST, 22, 1845.

## Liberal Christians.

This term has been harped upon more than any other, perhaps, in favor of a certain kind of pseudo Christianity, which, notwithstanding all its boasted liberality, has not met with much success, and in some states, has already reached, or even passed its culminating point. We remember the time, some sixteen or eighteen years since, when an effort was made to establish a church of the self-styled liberal Christians, in this city, and the first and foremost argument then was, *liberality*! *liberality*! and this was generally clothed with a half-way sneer at the bigotry of the orthodox, as they were called. The effort failed at the time, and liberal principles lay dormant in Connecticut for a number of years. We find, however, that the same argument is still resorted to for the purpose of making proselytes, and, probably, in many instances with the desired success. The pride of the young man is appealed to—he feels ashamed to be called a bigot—he is a little together too liberal for that, and he falls in with the liberal sect without stopping to enquire whether the opinions in which he was educated are true or false. Now it would be well for those who are talking so loudly in favor of liberal Christianity, and those too especially who are debating the point whether it is best for them to embrace it or not, to enquire what constitutes a liberal Christian in the legitimate sense of the term.

It is not the man who professes the most liberal spirit towards all denominations, and calls this religion. It is not the man who can tolerate in his pulpit what he believes to be false, and make his hearers that he glories in belonging to a denomination that differs in sentiment. It is not the man who maintains that his hearers can atone for their sins by an upright life. It is an easy matter to profess all this and yet fall far short of the divine requirement, "ye must be born again."

The founder of Christianity is the only exemplar to which his followers have a right to look. What, then, constituted the liberality of Jesus Christ? Was it his humiliation and death on the cross? Certainly not. It was love, not liberality, that brought him into this world to suffer and die "the just for the unjust." Did his liberality consist in the style of his preaching? His language to his own countrymen, was of a very different character from that of the boasted liberality of the present day. "Ye serpent, ye generation of vipers how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" "Ye are like unto white sepulchres, which are beautiful without, but within are full of dead men's bones, and all manner of uncleanness." The liberality of the ego omits such sentences as these in its preaching.

Did Jesus Christ attempt to gain proselytes by boasting of his liberality. Hear him. "He that will be my disciple let him take up his cross and follow me." "Go sell all thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." "And ye shall be hated by all men for my name's sake." "Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." "If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." These terms are altogether too liberal for the liberal sect in question; but the idea of using any other means to make disciples than plain, unvarnished truth, never entered his mind—he told his hearers plainly, that they must meet with tribulation—that they must be persecuted, imprisoned and even suffer death for his sake—the whole tenor of his preaching was directly at variance with the feelings of the carnal heart, and it was for this very reason that he was hated, persecuted and despised. In the terms of salvation, the only liberality that he admitted was genuine repentance and faith, and a holy, blameless life, on the part of the disciple. All liberality that goes beyond this must be spurious.

## Why should the Work Cease?

1. *Not because it is finished.* Something has been done, but much more remains to be done. But few of the kingdoms of this world, have as yet become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. Over a large portion of our race hangs the dark night of ignorance, superstition and death. Millions upon millions are in total ignorance of Christ—living and dying without hope and without God. If then we regard what remains to be done—the work so far from being finished, seems to be scarcely commenced. Why then should it cease?

2. *Has it ceased to be important?* What is this work? The founding of empires? the establishment of kingdoms? No. It is the evangelizing of the world to Christ. The rescuing of *deathless souls from Hell*; the elevation of the entire race from the slavery and degradation of sin, to the immunities of holiness and spiritual freedom. And can such a work cease to be of infinite importance, so long as there is a single soul held in the bondage of sin? But the world will lie in wickedness, sin reigns unto death. The nations are yet led captive by the Devil at his will. Why then should the work cease?

3. *Are the impediments insurmountable?* By no means. The whole world is open to us. The strong walls by which the nations have hitherto been surrounded, have fallen at the touch of Divine Providence. The arm of persecution has been palsied, and the world seems to be awaiting the conquest of the cross. The voice of Providence, as heard in every successive change in the civil policy of the world, is, trust in the sickle and reap down the earth, for the harvest thereof is fully ripe. The fields are white and ready to harvest. Into what dark corner of the globe may we not penetrate and carry with us the light of the glorious gospel? Why should the work cease?

4. *Have we not the means to carry it on?* What is requisite? We answer—faith, simply faith. "Have faith in God," is the counsel of Christ to his church, in relation to the great work which she has to perform. This is all she needs. She wants not an increase of worldly power or wealth; but an increase of faith, for the united power and wealth of the world can avail nothing without faith. We know that the church, in herself, is feeble and wholly inadequate to the great work before her; but faith is adequate to every exigency. Mountains of difficulty are to be levelled, by the power of this simple religious principle.

Associating human weakness with Divine energy, it is destined, through its actions upon the heart, and its development in the lives of believers, to work out the moral renovation of the world; elevating humanity in its impotence to fellowship with God in his Omnipotence. Its power becomes resistless. Such was faith in principle, and such in its practical workings, as illustrated in the history of the Apostles, and early Christians. And such is faith now, wherever its legitimate power is felt; it is still mighty to work its miracles of renovating grace and mercy. The church has risen or fallen, been strong or weak, mighty or powerless, stationary or aggressive, in proportion to her faith. Why then, should the work cease?

5. *Do we want the encouragement of success?* Have

we labored in vain, or spent our strength for naught? Has God withheld the dew, and the rain? No, far from it, the seed sown has sprung up and borne an abundance of fruit. Look at India! Burmah! China! and the islands of the sea! the desert has blossomed as the rose, and many a solitary place has become as the garden of God. How cheering these results,—what a foundation for unwavering, effective faith. The Lord has surely done great things for us, and "greater works than these will He do," when our faith shall have been sufficiently increased. According to thy faith be it unto thee, is the grand rule of uppositionment in the Kingdom of God. Lord, INCREASE OUR FAITH." G.

## Correspondence of the Secretary.

Saratoga Springs, Aug. 12, 1845.

MR. EDITOR:—I have made another pilgrimage to the Mecca of health and fashion; and although but a unit among the thousands who are here congregated, yet, by sending you a few notes and observations, I may be a little conspicuous among the readers of the Secretary. Amid the almost endless variety of scenes which meet the eye of the visitor, it is somewhat difficult to select for the purpose of description what would be most interesting to those who have never seen this anomalous village. Perhaps it may be well to sketch briefly some of the observations taken on my journey here, as I passed over a pleasant route presenting a variety of beautiful scenery.

Delightful is it to emerge from the city in the cool air of a fine summer's morning, and even from a stage coach to look out upon the waving harvest fields and shadowy forests, and feel the invigorating atmosphere of the country. We love to contemplate and be inspired by the ever varying scenes presented to view. Here is a luxuriant field of corn, whose dark leaves are dangling in the breeze, and a little beyond are the busy laborers harvesting the ripened grain. There is a beautiful grove and a rising hill, and here is a lovely vale with grazing herds, and a silver cataract stream murmuring its pleasant hymn. Now we come to a rural village where rise to view the heavenward-pointing spires of God's sacred temples. Here gather at the call of the pealing bells the peaceful inhabitants to enjoy the privileges and blessings of the sanctuary, amidst all the stillness and sacredness of a New England Sabbath. We press on, and as we view the peaceful dwellings and cheerful cottages, and survey each smiling scene, it is a grateful sight, and the heart rises to the All-bounteous Bestower of good, while at the same time we are reminded of a stanza from EVERETT:—

"How blest the farmer's simple life,  
How pure the joy it yields,  
Far from the world's tempestuous strife,  
Free, mid the scented fields."

And now, having crossed the sweet Housatonic, we enter another village, even more rural and quiet than the former, presenting at this busy season a Sabbath-like appearance. Its broad streets and lofty elms shading the happy homes of happier hearts, add greatly to its beauty. How thankful ought all to be to those fathers who planted those venerable trees which they now admire and prize so highly. It is strange that every city and village and dwelling is not thus adorned with shade-trees, so easy to be secured, and so valuable when possessed.

Occasionally, as we pursue our journey, we do catch glimpses of Long Island Sound, whose dark waters are spread out like a map in the distance, while here and there is a life-like sail skimming over the surface of the deep. Soon we are in the outskirts of a charming little city, whose fine location, buildings, row of churches, numerous and thriving trees give it an attractive and lovely aspect. Ere long we are on board a steamer, plowing her watery course over the Sound. Such are some of the objects presented to view in a passage from the "City of Ems," via Bridgeport, to the "Great Metropolis."

In the morning the noble steamer "Troy" is making her regular trip up the North River. It is a beautiful day, and as I have never passed over the course by daylight, I am anticipating much pleasure and gratification from the views on the Hudson. The attention is soon attracted to the Palisades, a high range of precipitous rocks, extending along the west bank of the river, for a distance of about twenty miles. They rise nearly perpendicularly, and in some places to the height of 500 feet. Tarrytown, on the east side, has a pleasant situation, and is famous as being the place where Major Andre was captured. At the north of the village lies "Sleepy Hollow," immortalized in a legend of Irving. We passed Sing Sing, also on the east side, 33 miles above the city of New York. It is distinguished for its marble quarries, and as being the location of a State Prison. West Point, celebrated for its military school, is on the west bank of the river, and presents a rather imposing appearance, from its elevated and romantic position, its large stone and brick buildings, and from the surrounding scenery which is grand and beautiful. The eye of the traveler will notice here a number of white marble monuments rising above the shrubbery; that nearest the shore bears the name of Kosciuszko. We observed in passing, a company of Cadets in uniform, several cannon, and other military preparations.

In the vicinity of West Point is presented to view superb specimens of attractive, wild, picturesque and sublime natural scenery. We are awed at the grandeur of nature's works; or rather at the greatness and power of Him who scooped the river's bed, and piled these majestic mountains to the clouds. The Hudson winds along in its apparently rock-hewn channel, while far above, and yet, in close proximity to the water, tower the adamantine hills, on either side, sometimes rising to the height of nearly 2000 feet. Were they covered with perpetual ice and snow, we might appropriate to them Childe Harold's description of the Alps—

"Those palaces of nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throne Eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity! where forms and falls  
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!  
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
Gather around these summits, yet to show,  
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man."

At Newburgh, which is a place of some importance, is observed a little south of the village, an old stone house where WASHINGTON once held his quarters. Near Hudson and Athens is the place where was wrecked the ill-fated Swallow. But we cannot give a sketch of half the towns and cities which we pass. We arrive at Troy about 5 o'clock, P. M., and from thence proceed the same evening by railroad to Saratoga Springs. This railroad, by the way, is a rough, miserable concern, the cars running off the track almost every other day, causing serious accidents; and the high fare charged is a public imposition.

The number of visitors here during the past week and at the present time is enormous. Every public and private house seems to swarm with human beings. You will find here congregated every age, and grade, and rank, and profession and nation, and the purposes for which they

come, are almost as various as the visitors themselves. Few, comparatively are invalids; yet nearly all daily quaff the inspiring, sparkling waters. It is really a curiosity to visit Congress Spring in the morning, and mixed multitude of water-worshippers, as they come and go, from 5 o'clock till eight, and stand ten deep around the Spring, each eager to seize a sparkling glass of the healing fluid, as it is presented by the boys, all fresh and cool from the bubbling fountain. My sheet is full. S. D. Phelps.

## Correspondence from Granville.

GRANVILLE, OHIO, July 18th, 1845.

MESSRS. BURR & SMITH, GENT.:—My last letter was dated at this interesting village, or rather I should say city, for I learn it is incorporated as such. Reposing in the midst of its beautiful hills, covered to their summits with the delicious white clover, affording pasture for flocks and herds, Granville exhibits a delightful blending of the busy hum of the city with rural scenery.

At the base of the hill which bounds the northern view, and near the western termination of the village, stands, in a fine white dress, a Seminary for young Ladies, with the boarding house within the inclosure. The buildings and inclosure are ample, and the extreme neatness and good taste exhibited in the externals, is a fair index to the intelligence and wholesome moral influence that reigns within.

Next in course of public buildings on the main street stands the Baptist meeting house. The lot it occupies is of suitable dimensions, with room for sheds in the rear to shield the horses and carriages from the sun and storms while their owners are devoutly worshipping in the public sanctuary. This edifice is well built of brick, with tower and bell, and was creditable to the society at the date of its erection, but is now quite too small for their use, particularly when they wish to accommodate the public bodies which from time to time hold their anniversaries in this central position; especially, the annual commencement of Granville College. I learned with pleasure, that the society propose, at no distant day, the erection of a new and suitable house of worship, and I doubt not they will find it greatly for their comfort and advantage.

Passing up the main street to the east, the next public building is the commodious house of worship for the Presbyterians, built of wood. In this house, by kind permission, the anniversaries of Granville college are held. The church here worshipping was originally constituted in Granville, Mass., in fellowship with the church under the pastoral care of the venerable Dr. Cooley, who still lives to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. This church, thus constituted, about 40 years ago emigrated to Granville and first settled this then wilderness, and by their undaunted energy and perseverance soon reduced it to a fruitful field, and while another generation has risen up on the soil, still, some of the fathers and mothers in this enterprise manage to shed the benign influence of their example on their offspring.

Farther on, upon the main street, near the Presbyterian meeting house, stands the Methodist Chapel, built of wood and neatly painted, of moderate size and height. Nearly opposite stands the house of worship erected by the Episcopalians, built of limestone, an ornament to the place and exhibiting the good taste and liberality of the society. Still farther onward toward the eastern termination of the village stands another Seminary for young Ladies, of ample size, and boarding house connected. Here too, as in the other Institution, a high standard of moral and intellectual culture unite in preparing the daughters of our own land to fill the useful and responsible stations assigned them in after life. The former of these Institutions is under the direction of the Episcopalians, and the latter of the Presbyterians.

On the south street, running parallel with the main street, slightly situated is the Academy for males. This building is of wood, of good size, two stories high, with tower and bell.

On the same street, and near the Academy, stands a neat and humble house of worship for our Welsh brethren, and thither their tribes go up to worship from Sabbath to Sabbath; and it is cheering to witness the unity of the Gospel testimony, whether proclaimed by the natives of our fatherland or by their children.

On the north street running at the base of a beautiful hill with an elegant slope, stands the common school edifice, built of brick, three stories high in front. Here the children of the village, of both sexes, receive instruction.

One mile to the south of the village, on an eminence, stands the buildings for the accommodation of the students, Professors and Steward of Granville College. Here the venerable and deeply lamented Dr. Going toiled, and died, and a monument upon the college grounds reared by the affection and liberality of the students, marks the spot where reposes the dust of this excellent man of God. Possessing a heart fraught with the love of God and his neighbor, and prompted by this imperishable principle, he early sought, in this noble State of Ohio, a suitable location for a Seminary in which the youth of the West might be taught the principles of useful science, and a pure morality. To his comprehensive and sagacious mind, after looking over the whole State, and surveying, in toilsome journeyings, the great Valley of the Mississippi, he fixed on the present location for this rising Seminary, and the wisdom of his preference cannot now be doubted.

Founded as this village was by the uncontaminated blood of the Puritans from the hills of New England, and bringing with them an unconquerable love of pure Christianity and solid literature, the atmosphere of Granville was suited to the object which filled the mind of this loved apostle of the West. Nothing more is needed but, with the blessing of Divine providence to carry into effect the plans of the original actors in this work of faith, and labor of love.

Situated in the centre of this great and flourishing State, surrounded with such an atmosphere, so congenial to the growth of science and religion, every enlightened mind will perceive the importance of meeting with promptitude every new emergency with suitable appliances, so that an Institution so dear to the hearts of its founders, shall not languish, but receive every needful support and encouragement. It was highly gratifying to witness the active evidence at the late commencement of Granville College, that the warm affections of our brethren cluster around this Institution, and that they were determined on its support with untiring zeal. A TRAVELER.

ESSEX BAPTIST CHURCH.—We learn from the clerk of this church, that the Rev. W. H. CARL, late of the Bloomington Baptist church, New York, was expected to commence his labors, as pastor of the Essex church, last Sabbath.

We thank our correspondent, "S. W." for his communication, but we think after a candid consideration of the subject, that it is hardly advisable to publish it. The communication is undoubtedly, general in its bearing, but still it might be considered by many to be personal.

## Special Meeting of the Baptist Board.

A special meeting of the General Board of Baptist Foreign Missions, is to be held in Philadelphia, on Wednesday, Sept. 24th. The question of the transfer of certain missions to the Southern Baptist Convention, and also the consideration of any claim which either Convention may have upon the other, will also occupy the attention of the Board.

## For the Christian Secretary.

## Home Mission Society.

IOWA.

From Rev. Dexter P. Smith, Iowa City, Aug. 1, 1845. I have spent the entire quarter in journeying to and in this Territory; and, by the advice of the Iowa Board, I have concluded to occupy this post at present.

I need not tell you of the desolation of the West, or of the fatal errors so rife throughout; you know them well, and have wept over them tears of anguish. Can you not persuade some of our fathers in the ministry, whose long experience has taught them wisdom, to come and occupy important posts in this new rising country? Such might now make an impression upon the crude mass of mind floating over this vast valley, that would give character to the rising interests of Immanuel's kingdom, long after their toil-worn limbs and whitened locks are pillowed beneath the wide prairie, and their sainted spirits gone up to their reward.

ILLINOIS.

From Rev. J. D. Newell, Peoria, August 1, 1845. Our meeting house at Tremont was opened for public worship on the 20th ult. I am truly glad that it is completed, as I shall now have more time for spiritual labors, and to go forward with our great undertaking in this village.

We have contracted for the building of a house of worship here, 40 by 66 feet including the portico. It will have a good Lecture-room and two other valuable rooms. It is to be completed in about a year, though we may occupy the lecture room sooner; and I have reason to hope we shall get through the undertaking without a debt. Truly the Lord has been on our side.

## AGENCY INCIDENTS.

From Rev. Charles Morton, Albion, N. Y., July 31, 45. One of the donations received the past quarter was from Miss Phoebe Gere of this village. It was her last donation.

A few hours before her death, she asked for a box containing a small sum, which she handed to Mrs. Morton, who was present, saying give that to your husband for the Home Mission Society. It is all I have, and the last I can ever give. When her father, who is not a professor of religion, heard of it, it is said that he wept because his lovely daughter had no more to give.

From Rev. C. M. Fuller, Brandon, Vt. Aug. 1, 1845. I have been very kindly received by the churches which I have visited; though, on account of the low price of wool, money is scarce, and my collections are small. The people, however, manifest a willingness to aid; and "where there is a will, there is a way." This you may perceive by the following among several other facts. One friend gave me a gig and harness; another gave me a cow, and others some other property, which, with the cow, I readily exchanged with another friend for a horse. So you see I am now equipped for travelling among the churches at a distance from the public conveyances, which is no small favor; and when I have no further use for the missionary horse and carriage, I hope some other friend will appear to give me their value in the needful for a missionary's support.

It may not be amiss to remind our friends that our Treasurer's Report for July shows a falling off in the receipts of more than \$1200 from those of the corresponding month in 1844. A very few such deficiencies would probably induce the Board to decline making new appointments; though the requests for them are increasing every month, and the necessity for them is very manifest.

Will the churches allow our receipts this year to be less than the last? Shall they not rather be greater? Have we not been encouraged to expect more? BENJ. M. HILL, Cor. Sec.

## Commencement at Trinity College.

Our notice of the Annual Commencement at this College was unavoidably crowded out last week; it may not be too late, however, to say that the exercises, as usual, were attended by a large number of visitors from abroad, and that the graduating class, eleven in number, acquitted themselves with credit. The degree of A. B. was conferred upon the following named young gentlemen:

John J. Cleveland, P. S. Cossitt, Alexander Capron, G. C. Chipman, Samuel Flower, Frederick D. Harriman, John A. Paddock, Noble Palmer, Robert C. Rodgers, Thaddeus Crane, Samuel Jas. Clark.

The degree of A. M. was conferred upon Thos. Galaudet. No D. Ds. were conferred. An Oration by Rev. John Morgan, and a Poem by Rev. C. W. Everett, were delivered the afternoon previous to Commencement. The title of Mr. E's Poem was "The Mass." It embraced certain passages in the New Testament history of Christ, and was written and spoken in Everett's peculiarly happy style.

We learn that the next Senior Class will be more than twice as large as that which has just graduated. The College appears to be in a flourishing condition.

## Home Mission Receipts.

The Treasurer of the American Baptist Home Mission Society acknowledges the following receipts during the month of July.

CONNECTICUT.—New London.—Capt. McLane, per P. C. Turner, \$10.  
Jewett City.—Per Rev. B. Cook, Stonington Union Association, including balance to make Rev. S. H. Peckham L. M., \$30.

Syracuse.—Legacy of Joseph H. Hayden, Esq., per H. L. Champlin, W. E. Ball and E. W. Pratt, Executors, \$100.

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.—The last number of this paper has a short paragraph in it, in reference to the Christian Secretary, that would do honor to Anne Royal's, "Paul Pry," but how a minister of the gospel can be guilty of using such low, vulgar language we are at a loss to conceive, unless it be that he inhales the spirit of it in the presidential air of the Southern slave driver. The paper is not now before us; indeed if it was, we could not disgrace ourselves by copying such vile stuff.

## Death of J. Augustus Shea.

We learn from the New York Tribune that Mr. Shea, the gentleman who delivered the poem at the recent anniversary in Suffield, died in the city of New York, on the 15th inst. After delivering his poem in Suffield on Tuesday evening, Mr. Shea remained in Hartford from Wednesday to Saturday morning, when he returned to New York, where he died on the following Friday. We learn that he had been a Washingtonian for four years previous to his

leaving New York for Suffield—the remaining few days of his life we pass over in silence. The Tribune of Monday last contains the following respectful notice of the deceased:

"Yesterday the remains of JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA were deposited in the New Catholic Cemetery, corner of First Avenue and Eleventh street. The funeral procession was one of the largest we have ever seen in this city. The Hibernian Benevolent Burial Society turned out in great numbers, with badges, banners, and befitting music, to perform the last offices of kindness to their deceased brother. The very Rev. Dr. Powers was in attendance, and conducted the appropriate religious exercises.

Mr. Shea was born in the City of Cork, in Ireland, in 1803. He was educated for the Ministry, for which he received a thorough education. One of his early companions in study was the celebrated Bishop England of Charleston. He was also a companion, in early life, of Maclean and Hogan, two artists worthy of the brightening hopes of their country. At the age of 16 he quit his literary studies and turned his attention to mercantile pursuits, which he was engaged till he came to this country. At the age of 20 he published a volume of poems, which he dedicated to Thomas Moore—containing "Rodeiki," the "Lament of Hellas," and other poems. This volume received high commendation from Campbell, and introduced him to the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, whose friendship he enjoyed, and with whom he had frequent correspondence.

In 1839 he came to this country and obtained a situation at West Point with Col. Thayer of the Military Academy. At this beautiful place he composed several fine poems. In 1832 he went to Philadelphia, where he was connected editorially with the Chronicle in that and the following year. He was also a regular contributor to the Lady's Book and other periodicals. He then went to the District of Columbia where he was connected with the National Intelligencer, Telegraph and Georgetown Metropolitan. He here published, in 1835, the volume entitled "Parnassian Wild Flowers." In 1839 he removed to New York where he has been connected with The Tribune since about its first publication. In 1842 he published his last volume of Poems, called "Clontarf," and other Poems. The principal Poem, "Clontarf," is a very spirited historical and patriotic poem, in which his love for his native country is finely blended with loyalty to the land of his adoption.

At the time of his death he was a contributor to several magazines of high literary merit. He was likewise engaged in writing a Tragedy for Mr. Forrest, and also in writing a Life of Lord Byron, for which his intimate acquaintance with several of the most familiar friends of Byron gave him great advantages."

## War with Mexico.

It will be seen by the extracts in another column, that we are on the eve of war with Mexico, if, indeed, it has not already been declared by the Executive of that nation; the next arrival from Vera Cruz will settle the question. The feeling of the great mass of community in this country is, without doubt, averse to war, but we don't see how it can well be avoided; in fact the strong probability is, that the war is already begun—that a declaration of hostilities against the United States has already been made by Mexico. In this state of things a feverish anxiety will be felt by commercial men, and especially by those who are interested in the whale fishery. Millions upon millions of dollars are invested in this business, and the vessels employed in it must necessarily be on the ocean most of the time. The Pacific and Southern Oceans are covered with whalers at the present time, and if a war between the United States and Mexico should actually occur, this property would be exposed to the enemy. We apprehend there will be but little danger, however, from this source. If Mexico has declared war, the Congress of the United States will be convened as soon as possible, and in order to prevent other nations from taking terms of marriage and reprisal under Mexican authority, a law will undoubtedly be enacted making it piracy for any vessel to capture American merchantmen, except Mexican bottoms, manned and officered by Mexicans alone. An act like this will protect the whaling interest, and that such an act will be passed in the event of a war, we think there can be but little doubt. Whichever party may be in the wrong, and on this point it does not become us to express an opinion; indeed we take so little interest in political matters that we are not prepared to decide who is wrong, or who is right; the war itself cannot be a protracted one; and we think there will be, comparatively, but little bloodshed. Prompt and judicious action on the part of the country, without fighting, would put an end to the war. It would not be a difficult matter to invade the city of Mexico itself, and compel the government to sign a treaty of peace. If war must come, then the sooner it is ended, the better. Let us hope and pray for peace, however, as long as there is the least shadow of a prospect for its maintaining.

## Latest from Mexico.

We learn that a gentleman who arrived in this city yesterday morning from New Orleans, which city he left on the 11th inst., states that news had been received at Mobile that the French brig-of-war *Mercure* had arrived at Pensacola from Mexico with dates to the 27th of July. Up to that date there had been no declaration of war, and he heard of no action of any kind on the subject of its difficulties with this country. The American residents in Mexico were generally making preparations to leave that country.—N. Y. Tribune, Aug. 20.

## Card—Fourth of July in Lyme.

The people of this place assembled at the Baptist church on the morning of the Fourth, and heard a lecture on Temperance from Capt. Moore. The assembly was large, and it was the best meeting of the kind ever held in Lyme. In the afternoon, some three hundred or more met at my house, bringing all the good things of this world. The company was so large that they had to dine under a tent provided for that purpose. I found myself in possession of fifty-five dollars in cash, one barrel of flour, one set of silver spoons, and other things better than cash, amounting in all to eighty dollars. May the Lord reward them for such acts of kindness, and may all be blessed by the preaching of the gospel. It is due to the brethren of the churches in the around as to say, that many of them met and joined in the around as to say, and especially the church in East Lyme, August 12, 1845. ARMS D. WILSON.

A SCRIPTURE MANUAL, alphabetically and systematically arranged, designed to facilitate the finding of Proof Texts. By Charles Simmons. New York: M. W. Dodd: 1845.

The various subjects treated upon in the Bible are here arranged under appropriate heads, in alphabetical order, and the order and accuracy in which they are arranged indicate a vast deal of labor on the part of the author. He has filled a chasm that has been left open by

writers on the sacred scriptures, a student an epitome of the sacred volume. We do not say for this would be claiming too much for the arrangements of his subject selected texts that are not exactly those for which he designed them, is a valuable one, and we can call the divine, the student and the Sunday School.

THE FAMILY CHRISTIAN ALMANAC, and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, 1846. New York, Baltimore, and Charleston. The American Tract Society's Christian Almanac for 1846, is a valuable publication. The copy before us is astronomical, about 24 pages of text is done up in a substantial paper, and has an immense circulation.

## Selected Sur.

## The Anti-Rent Mur.

A Correspondent of the Evening Post writes:—The recent anti-rent murder in Delaware, on the 10th inst. was a large attendance, and all were determined down-renters, who were heard to exclaim, "We have got to clear up four more before long." They seemed to improve upon any thing in the way of before.

"The posse has just returned, persons on warrants for the murder were issued for four in Roxbury, as yet."

"Soldiers are coming in with the county pursuant to the requisition all desperately determined to bring another correspondent of the Post, on account of this murderous outrage, declare that 'if the Governor do provide relief they will take the law into their own hands.'"

"Steele had many very warm friends determined to avenge the taking of the life of the Anti-Renters. The Anti-Renters. Men are pouring in different towns to protect the Anti-Renters say that the jail will never long. They will endeavor to do as here by burning them. I am sure will be requested to declare the execution, and to proclaim martial law."

KIDNAPING IN ADAMS COUNTY, Pa. says that a family of color and their children—who were years since by a lady of Maryland, dence near Bendersville, in Adams County, were taken by a gang of ruffians named Finegan, who, after gagging to prevent their giving any alarm, were taken to the State penitentiary in Philadelphia. The Star and Advocate in an indignation upon this villainous act of this free colored family. It is about to be taken to have the all which it is hoped will be successful creatures to freedom and visiting perpetrators of the outrage. The she family formerly resided near the and the men-sterling, it is supposed quarter.

REMAINS OF THE EMERSON.—An attempt to Mr. Parker, of Haverhill, Mass., may be of value in the wreck of the ship on the lake a few years since, raising the shafts and fixtures and portion of the hull.

ARMY MOVEMENTS.—We learn that the 4th Infantry, under command of Major-General Fremont, have arrived here to-day or to-morrow, their way to join the force already there. The Texas was extremely well left for Texas—so hot that three of the dead before crossing the Sabine struck. The weather was cooler, they reached San Augustine, and in excellent spirits.

After the above was written, a command of the 7th Infantry, under Capt. Fort Jackson, 75 miles below Col. Whistler, promoted to the rank of Major, is to join the regiment in Texas, and the Society of Inquiry in a few days for Fort Smith, Arkansas inst.

The twenty-fourth annual commencement took place on Thursday last, at the University of Vermont. The students delivered an oration on Wednesday. The "Progress and Prospects of the State of Vermont," was the subject of the oration. The orator was Mr. Lunt with a view to the 6th of August as Major in a few days for Fort Smith, Arkansas inst.

Pistol Argument.—An express of clock on yesterday afternoon, by a messenger, that Frederick P. Stant, a man of some talent and candor, was shot down by Dr. J. R. Christian, at G. and his opponent, Mr. Scruggs, speak. The ball entered the cheek, and passed through the head, killing the man. The gentleman sending the express. We have learned no further present offer no comments.—Memphis 31.

DOWNED.—James, son of Mr. J. town, a lad of about 14 years, was drowned, on Saturday last, while bathing in Danbury Times.

The lands belonging to the estate of Roanoke, Va., are to be sold at auction, 3,200 acres, and very valuable. It is said that ring-worm may be cured by washing the parts affected with onion juice.

SCORPER STIFFER.—This slave Capt. Taylor, of Sub Marine corps, wrecking in the schooner. He is first experiments on the British, F. Heligate—expecting to recover assets.

Webster Taylor, a young carpenter about six miles from Rochester, N. Y., instant, by eating wild parsnips.



work for Suffolk—the remaining few days  
as over in silence. The Tribune of Mon-  
day the following respectful notice of the de-

the remains of JOHN AUGUSTUS BREA were  
New Catholic Cemetery, corner of First  
seventh street. The funeral procession was  
at we have ever seen in this city. The Hie-  
Burial Society turned out in great num-  
bers, banners, and befitting music, to per-  
form of kindness to their deceased brother. The  
powers were in attendance, and conducted  
religious exercises.

born in the City of Cork, in Ireland, in  
education for the Ministry, for which he re-  
education. One of his early compan-  
the celebrated Bishop England of Charles-  
so a companion, in early life, of Maclean  
artists worthy of the brightening hopes of  
At the age of 16 he quit his literary stud-  
his attention to mercantile pursuits, with  
engaged till he came to this country. At the  
lished a volume of poems, which he ded-  
to Moore—containing "Rudeki," the "La-  
"and other poems. This volume received  
from Campbell, and introduced him to  
of Sir Walter Scott, whose friendship he  
whom he had frequent correspondence.  
me to this country and obtained a situation  
th Col. Thayer of the Military Academy.  
place he composed several fine poems—  
to Philadelphia, where he was connected  
the Chronicle in and the following  
also a regular contributor to the Lady's  
periodicals. He then went to the District  
ere he was connected with the National  
Telegraph and Georgetown Metropolitan—  
ed, in 1835, the volume entitled "Paras-  
es." In 1839 he removed to New York  
been connected with The Tribune since  
publication. In 1842 he published his last  
called "Clontarf, and other Poems." The  
"Clontarf," is a very spirited historical and  
which his love for his native country is  
loyalty to the land of his adoption.

his death he was a contributor to several  
literary merit. He was likewise en-  
Tragedy for Mr. Forest, and also in writ-  
ed Byron, for which his intimate acquain-  
tal of the most familiar friends of Byron  
advantages."

#### War with Mexico.

by the extracts in another column, that  
ve of war with Mexico, if, indeed, it has  
declared by the Executive of that nation;  
from Vera Cruz will settle the question—  
the great mass of community in this coun-  
sult, averse to war, but we don't see how  
voided; in fact the strong probability is,  
already begun—that a declaration of hostil-

United States has already been made by  
a state of things a feverish anxiety will be  
ial men, and especially by those who are  
whale fishery. Millions upon millions of  
ated in this business, and the vessels em-  
not necessarily be on the ocean most of the  
of the Southern Oceans are covered with  
to present time, and if a war between the  
and Mexico should actually occur, this pro-  
posed to the enemy. We apprehend a  
little danger, however, from this source.

declared war, the Congress of the United  
invented as soon as possible, and in order  
nations from taking letters of marque and  
Mexican authority, a law will undoubtedly  
ing it piracy for any vessel to capture  
shanties, except Mexican bottoms, man-  
ed by Mexicans alone. An act like this  
whaling interest, and that such an act will  
be event of a war, we think there can be

Whichever party may be in the wrong,  
int it does not become us to express an  
we take so little interest in political mat-  
not prepared to decide who is wrong, or  
war itself cannot be a protracted one;  
ere will be, comparatively, but little blood-  
and judicious action on the part of this  
fighting, would put an end to the war—  
a difficult matter to invade the city of  
compel the government to sign a treaty  
must come, then the sooner it is ended,  
us hope and pray for peace, however, as  
the least shadow of a prospect for it re-

#### Latest from Mexico.

a gentleman who arrived in this city yes-  
terday from New Orleans, which city he left on  
ates that news had been received at Mo-  
nach brig-of-war Mercuro had arrived at  
Mexico with dates to the 27th of July—  
here had been no declaration of war, and  
action of any kind on the subject of the  
his country. The American residents in  
generally making preparations to leave that  
Tribune, Aug. 20.

#### Fourth of July in Lyme.

this place assembled at the Baptist church  
of the Fourth, and heard a lecture on Tem-  
perance. The assembly was large, and  
meeting of the kind ever held in Lyme.  
on, some three hundred or more met at my  
all the good things of this world. The  
large that they had to dine under a tent pro-  
posed. I found myself in possession of a  
cash, one barrel of flour, one set of sil-  
other things better than cash, amounting  
dollars. May the Lord reward them for  
ness, and may all be blessed by the preach-  
It is due to the brethren of the churches  
that many of them met and joined in the  
rae, and especially the church in Essex-  
prayers that I may be more faithful to  
that all may be saved.

12, 1845. ANON D. WATROUS.

alphabetically and systematically  
need to facilitate the finding of P. W.  
Charles Simmons. New York: M. W.  
subjects treated upon in the Bible are  
under appropriate heads, in alphabeti-  
cal order and accuracy in which they are  
a vast deal of labor on the part of the  
filled a chain that has been left open by

writers on the sacred scriptures, and has given to the Bible  
student an epitome of the sacred volume not to be found in  
any other work. We do not say that this work is perfect,  
for this would be claiming too much for a mere man: in  
the arrangements of his subjects, the author may have  
selected texts that are not exactly appropriate to the pur-  
pose for which he designed them, but as a whole, the book  
is a valuable one, and we can cheerfully commend it to  
the divine, the student and the Sunday school teacher.

THE FAMILY CHRISTIAN ALMANAC for the year of our Lord  
and Saviour Jesus Christ, 1846. Calculated for Boston,  
New York, Baltimore, and Charleston.

The American Tract Society has issued the Family  
Christian Almanac for 1846 in advance of most, or all other  
publishers. The copy before us contains, besides the as-  
tronomical, about 24 pages of excellent reading matter, and  
is done up in a substantial paper cover. This Almanac  
has an immense circulation.

#### Selected Summary

##### The Anti-Rent Murder.

A Correspondent of the Evening Journal in writing of  
the recent anti-rent murder in Delaware Co., says:  
"On the 10th Steele was buried. There was a very  
large attendance, and all were deeply affected, save some  
few down-renters, who were heard to say publicly in their  
streets, 'We have got one scalp and we'll have three or  
four more before long.' They seem to be determined to  
improve upon any thing in the way of barbarism ever heard  
of before."

"The posse has just returned, bringing with them three  
persons on warrants for the murder of Steele. Warrants  
were issued for four in Roxbury, and one evades the posse  
as yet."

"Soldiers are coming in with alacrity from every part  
of the county pursuant to the requisitions of the Sheriff, and  
all desperately determined to bring the scoundrels to jus-  
tice."

Another correspondent of the same paper says that the  
most intense indignation pervades the people of the coun-  
ty, on account of this murderous outrage, and that the peo-  
ple declare that "if the Governor does not act promptly and  
provide relief they will take the law into their own hands."

"Steele had many very warm and ardent friends, who  
are determined to avenge the taking of his life. I presume  
there are a thousand men waiting anxiously to be led into  
the disaffected towns, if the laws can have no effect—  
Much is said here about certain prominent men of this vil-  
lage who are said to have thrown firebrands by encouraging  
the Anti-Renters. Men are pouring into the village from  
different towns to protect the public buildings. The Anti-  
Renters say that the jail will never again hold any of them  
long. They will endeavor to destroy the State arms that  
are here by burning them. I am told that the Govern-  
ment will be requested to declare the county in a state of in-  
surrection, and to proclaim martial law."

KIDNAPING IN ADAMS COUNTY, PA.—The last Gazer-  
burg "Star," says that a family of colored persons—a moth-  
er and her children—who were manumitted about two  
years since by a lady of Maryland, and took up their resi-  
dence near Bendersville, in Adams County, were last week  
forcibly abducted by a gang of ruffians, headed by a man  
named Finagun, who, after gagging and tying them so as  
to prevent their giving any alarm, carried them back to slav-  
ery! The Star announces in severe but just terms of  
indignation upon this villainous outrage upon the liberties  
of this free colored family. It is added that measures are  
about to be taken to have the affair legally investigated,  
which it is hoped will be successful in restoring these poor  
creatures to freedom and visiting just punishment upon the  
perpetrators of the outrage. The lady who emancipated the  
family formerly resided near Hagerstown, Maryland, and  
the men-stealers, it is supposed, came from the same  
quarter.

REMAINS OF THE ERIE.—An attempt is now making by  
a Mr. Parker, of Haver, Cal., to recover what there  
may be of value in the wreck of the steamboat Erie, burned  
on the lake a few years since. He has succeeded in  
raising the shafts and fixtures and some other parts with a  
portion of the hull.

ARMY MOVEMENTS.—We learn that two companies of  
the 4th Infantry, under command of Maj. Graham, will ar-  
rive here today or tomorrow, from Jefferson Barrack, on  
their way to join the force already in Texas. We also hear  
that the weather was extremely warm when the dragons  
left for Texas—so hot that three of them fell from their hor-  
ses dead before crossing the Sabine—all from being sun-  
struck. The weather was cooler, however, by the time they  
reached San Augustine, and all were moving on well  
and in excellent spirits.

After the above was written, we learned that a com-  
mand of the 7th Infantry, under Lieut. Britton, is to oc-  
cupy Fort Jackson, 75 miles below the city, immediately—  
Col. Whistler, promoted to the command of the 4th Infan-  
try, is to join his regiment in Texas. Capt. Bonnell, pro-  
moted to the 6th Infantry as Major, will leave Baton Rouge  
in a few days for Fort Smith, Arkansas.—N. O. Picayune  
8th inst.

The twenty-fourth annual commencement of Amherst  
College took place on Thursday last. A large number of  
strangers attended. Hon. GEORGE LUNT of Newburyport  
delivered an oration on Wednesday afternoon. His sub-  
ject was "The Progress and Prospects of Society." Prof.  
SUGAR followed Mr. Lunt with an address at the request  
of the Trustees. Rev. Mr. TRAVIS of Rhode Island ad-  
dressed the Society of Inquiry during the evening. On  
Thursday the commencement exercises were listened to by  
a very large audience, Gov. Briggs among the number.—  
There were twenty-nine or thirty addresses, &c. The  
Northampton Courier gives a long account of the services  
but does not state the number of those receiving the de-  
gree of B. A. Nine Alumni of the College and Rev. E.  
P. Rogers of Northampton received the Degree of M. A.  
The Degree of LL. D. was conferred on Gov. BRIGGS, Prof.  
GREENLEAF of Harvard and Prof. TORREY of this city.—  
Kendall's Brass Band discoursed excellent music.

PISTOL ARGUMENT.—An express reached here about two  
o'clock on yesterday afternoon, bringing the painful intel-  
ligence, that Frederick P. Stanton, our noble, fearless,  
amiable and talented candidate for Congress, has been shot  
down by Dr. J. R. Christian, at Germantown, where he  
and his opponent, Mr. Scruggs, had an appointment to  
speak. The ball entered the chest, or jaw-bone, and run-  
ned downwards. The wound, although severe, it is thought  
by the gentleman sending the express, will not prove mor-  
tal. We have learned no further particulars, and shall at  
present offer no comments.—Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal, Ju-  
ly 31.

DROWNED.—James, son of Mr. James Nichols, of New-  
town, a lad of about 14 years, was drowned in Taunton  
pond, on Saturday last, while bathing with several com-  
pansions.—Danbury Times.

The lands belonging to the estate of John Randolph, of  
Roanoke, Va., are to be sold at auction in October, num-  
bering some 3,200 acres, and very valuable.

It is said the ring-worm may be speedily and effectually  
cured by washing the parts affected with vinegar, in  
which onions have been pickled.

SCHOONER SEIZED.—This slave has been bought by  
Capt. Taylor, of Sub Marine celebrity. He intends to go  
wrecking in the schooner. He is going to make one of his  
first experiments on the Brita Frigate Husar, sunk at  
Hedge—expecting to recover guns and other valuable ar-  
ticles.

Webster Taylor, a young carpenter at work in the fields,  
about six miles from Rochester, N. Y., was killed on the  
1st instant, by eating wild parsnip root—a deadly poi-  
son.

Since last Friday we have had an abundance of rain to  
saturate the previously parched earth; and from present  
appearances it will continue some days longer. The at-  
mosphere is occasionally hot and close; and with the at-  
tendant dampness, has an unpleasant, if not an unwhol-  
some effect on the system. Vegetation however has re-  
sumed its richest verdure, and grass plots, bowers and flower  
gardens look charming.—Norfolk Her., July 7.

SUNDAY TRAVELING.—The Rochester Advertiser says  
that the several Railroad Companies have resolved to dis-  
continue the Sunday trains after Sunday next.

#### War with Mexico.

The following important document we take from the  
New Orleans Jeffersonian Republican of Aug. 7th. We  
have no reason to doubt its authenticity.

DEAR SIR:— I have only one mo-  
ment's time to hand you the enclosed, to which I refer you.  
We are momentarily expecting to receive the declaration  
of war against the United States from Mexico. Every one  
is making preparations to leave this place and move into  
the interior. The Water Witch will sail for your port on  
the 28th or 29th inst.

#### OFFICE OF WAR AND MARINE.

SECTION OF OPERATIONS.  
CIRCULAR.—The United States have consummated the  
perfidy against Mexico, by sanctioning the decree which  
declares the annexation of the department of Texas to  
that Republic. The injustice of that usurpation is ap-  
parent, and Mexico cannot tolerate such a grave injury with-  
out making an effort to prove to the United States the pos-  
sibility of her ability to cause her rights to be respected.  
With this object the supreme Government has resolved  
upon a declaration of war against that power, seeing that  
our forbearance, instead of being received as a proof of  
our friendly disposition, has been interpreted into an ac-  
knowledged impossibility on our part to carry on a success-  
ful war.

Such an error on the part of the United States will be  
advantageous to Mexico, because, suddenly abandoning  
its pacific attitude, it will tomorrow communicate to Con-  
gress the declaration of war, and excite the patriotism of  
its citizens to sustain the dignity of the nation and the in-  
tegrity of the territory, now treacherously attacked, in ut-  
ter disregard of all guarantees recognized in this enlighten-  
ed age.

You will readily appreciate the importance of this sub-  
ject, and the necessity of preparing the troops under your  
command to march toward any point which may require  
protection against these most unjust aggressions. I am  
directed by the Provisional President to enjoin upon you, as  
General-in-chief of your division, and as a citizen of this  
Republic, to hold yourself in readiness to repel those who  
in the name of Mexico, the Government is occupied in  
covering the different points on the frontiers, and in col-  
lecting the necessary means, so that nothing may be want-  
ing to those whose glory it will be to defend the sacred  
rights of their country.

I have the honor to communicate for your intelligence,  
and to direct your conduct.

God and Liberty—Mexico, July 16, 1845.

GRACIA CONDE.

There are other documents accompanying this, calling  
upon the "different departments to furnish their quota and  
complete the contingent of troops required by the decrees  
of the 29th of Dec., 1843, and the 2d of July, 1844," to  
aid in carrying on the war which Mexico "wages against  
the United States, the perfidy and treachery of which  
power has put her in a part of the Republic." The Pres-  
ident ad interim requires that the Governors be informed  
of "the necessity which exists of detaching the number of  
men so highly necessary to fill the ranks of the army, and  
to excite the zeal and patriotism of the authorities, that  
their preparations shall be effectual, as to fulfill the desires  
of the Government, and prevent the dignity of the nation  
from being in any measure compromised," and that they  
"may place under arms, in their respective districts, all the  
force which can be collected in defence of the laws,  
to be ready to serve as a safeguard of the respective de-  
partments, according to the decree of the 4th of June of  
this year, and the regulation of the 7th of July."

The N. O. Bulletin of the 7th says that the President  
has also summoned to the capital, the Extraordinary Coun-  
cil, consisting of ex-Governors of the departments, Minis-  
ters, etc., who are the constitutional advisers of the Pres-  
ident upon extraordinary occasions. It is probable that  
this council will be assembled and its advice given, as  
matters would remain as they were, because the President is  
relieved of any responsibility for the course he may pur-  
sue, when advised to it by this council, and it is to be sup-  
posed that he would not have the temerity to enter into a  
war with the United States until he has relieved himself of  
the responsibility of its results.

Intelligence had not been received of the ratification of  
the Annexation by the Congress of Texas, and the  
The only vessels of war in the harbor of Vera Cruz,  
were the French brig La Peyrouse and the Spanish brig  
Patriota.

From the Journal of Commerce, Aug. 18.

Mexico.  
Our latest dates from New Orleans are of the 9th.—  
There had been no arrival from Mexico since that of the  
Relampago. The schooner Water Witch, said to be a  
fast sailer, was to have left on the 26th ult. If she sailed  
on that day she had been on her passage, at our latest dates,  
from her port of destination, nearly fourteen days, more  
than twice the ordinary duration of a passage from Vera  
Cruz to New Orleans. Some apprehensions were enter-  
tained in consequence, that she had been seized and con-  
fiscated. "We should like to know," says the N. O. cou-  
rier, of the evening of the 8th, "at what premium a few  
thousand dollars of her cargo could be insured in this city,  
at this moment."

We extract the following paragraph from the N. O. Com-  
Bulletin of the 9th:

"The Mexican vessel Relampago refused yesterday  
to take the mail we had prepared to send to Mexico and the  
Sandwich Islands. We learn that other papers in the city  
have been treated in the same way. We are at a loss to  
understand this proceeding. Can it be sickness, or is  
there really an embargo or declaration of war, made known  
by the Mexican consul to the commander of the vessel,  
which prohibits him from the carriage of American mails?  
As straws show which way the wind blows, perhaps here  
may be found a true index to our international relations."

The same paper speculates in this wise upon the strength  
and resources of Mexico:  
"The entire population of the Mexican States, twenty-  
two in number, is estimated at about seven millions. From  
this amount a deduction must be made for the Indians,  
half-breeds and negroes, who constitute about six-sevenths  
of the census. In physical vigor and intellectual capabil-  
ity, they are said to be much inferior to the negroes of the  
south, and are certainly kept under a bondage more galling  
and enervating both to mind and body. There remains  
only about a million of Mexicans who can be said to be of  
pure Spanish or European descent, upon whom any reli-  
ance can be placed for the defence of the country. Even  
this small fraction of the populace is greatly degenerated.  
In a contest with such an enemy our Government has  
nothing to dread. The wonder is, that an adversary so  
entirely impotent and helpless should have the temerity to  
threaten war. No doubt, however, great reluctance is placed  
upon the forbearance and the good nature of the United  
States."

Correspondence of the Detroit Advertiser.  
Steamer Kent sunk—Several lives lost.  
At half past 3 A. M. on Tuesday, below Point au Pel-  
lee Lake Erie, the "London" steamer from Buffalo, and  
the "Kent" steamer on her downward passage came  
in contact, with a dreadful crash, and the result of the  
collision was the loss of the latter boat, and we regret to  
add, several lives.

For some minutes we supposed we had broken the ma-  
chinery of the London, and were going to the bottom, and  
were only relieved from the apprehension of a watery  
grave by the sight of the Kent, rapidly sinking at our bows.  
Every effort was made to save her passengers, and all who  
were in sight were saved; several of those from the cabin  
being transferred to our boat without even their clothes.  
But said to say, a number were lost, being unable to gain  
the upper deck in time. Among these we reckon—  
Rev. James E. Quaw, Bedford, Michigan.  
Mr. Chancey Osborn, Genesee, N. Y.  
Mr. Seth Deming, Berlin, Conn.  
Master Bruce Deming, Galeana, W. T.  
James Cowden, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

Two young ladies and a boy from near Ypsilanti, names  
not known.  
All the officers and hands of the boat and 79 passengers,  
including 10 children, were saved.  
The accident occurred in consequence of the error in the  
plot of the Kent attempting to pass on the wrong side of  
the London, which brought her directly across the bow,  
and as this engineer of the London, as soon as he saw  
the course of the Kent, shut off his steam, yet his boat had  
too much headway, and the Kent was cut down in front of

her wheel house. We remained five hours with the wreck,  
gathering floating parcels of baggage, &c., and attempted  
to tow the hull ashore, but she gradually sunk by the head,  
and we were compelled to perform the sad office of hoist-  
ing her flag half mast and leaving her to her fate.

The London is not at all injured. Our passengers have  
done something to relieve the necessities of the sufferers,  
the ladies dividing their wardrobes, and the gentlemen  
their purses.

Yours,  
T.

DROWNED.—We learn that Mr. Emory Lawrence, son  
of Mr. Mrs. Lawrence of Hardwick, was drowned in  
Brookfield on Saturday last. He was engaged with sev-  
eral others, seining in the river, and got beyond his depth,  
and immediately sunk. The river was but two rods wide,  
and there were five or six individuals on the shore, several  
of whom were good swimmers, and with the ropes, and  
other facilities at hand, and a little coolness and determi-  
nation, he might probably have been saved. But we un-  
derstand that scarce an effort was made for his rescue.  
This is unaccountable and unpardonable. Mr. Lawrence  
was about 21 years of age.—Barre Gaz.

THE OREGON EMIGRANTS.—The St. Joseph Gazette,  
published in Missouri, has news from the Oregon emigrants.  
Another company is lost, which contains fifteen men and  
thirty-five women. They were about 800 miles above  
Council Bluffs, on the Missouri River; they had despaired  
of getting on this season, and are planting buckwheat with  
the expectation of obtaining provisions on which they may  
resume their journey next spring.

CORPORATION CAPITAL.—The capital owned in corpora-  
tions, in the state of Massachusetts alone, is very nearly  
as follows:  
\$30,000,000 in Banks,  
10,000,000 in Manufacturing Companies,  
30,000,000 in Railroads,  
10,000,000 in other corporations not enumerated.

\$110,000,000 in all.  
And this does not include the Life Insurance Compa-  
nies, and many others; so that it would be safe to say, that  
the amount of corporate property in this State ap-  
proaches to nearly one hundred and fifty millions of dollars.  
—Boston Mail.

The steamship Cambria sailed from Boston on Saturday  
with eight hundred passengers, a sailmaker by trade, was  
taken on board. Among the former were the Hutchinson family,  
Edmund Gratian, British Vice Consul, and Antonio G.  
Vega, Spanish Consul.

A State Sabbath Convention is to be held at Mont-  
pelier, Vermont, on the 20th inst. Governor Sted-  
den, several other distinguished citizens have signed the  
call.

We learn from the Pittsburg papers that the corpse of  
the girl, Mary McDermott, who lost her life in the great fire  
of the 10th of April, was found on Monday, by some  
workmen, in the cellar of Mr. Arthur, on second street,  
near Grant. A silk shawl, scarcely injured, was found  
under the body, and in it seven dollars in silver. A  
trunk under the corpse was all consumed except the bot-  
tom.

Rev. William Child, of Norwich, has asked for a dismis-  
sion from the church and society over which he is pastor,  
and it has been granted. He has been called to the First  
Congregational Church in Lowell.

FATAL FIRE IN BOSTON.—At nine o'clock last evening,  
an alarm was given, which proceeded from the stables of Mr.  
Doolittle, in Brattle square, attached to the City Tavern,  
and adjoining the Brattle Square church. There were a  
very large number of horses in the stable, principally at-  
tached to the different lines of stages which congregate at  
the City Tavern, but all were got out without injury. The  
firemen of Charlestown were on the ground in early eve-  
ning. A portion of them were stationed in front of the fire,  
when the gable end of the stable, which was an old build-  
ing, bulged in and fell into the street. The effects were  
seriously unfortunate. Mr. Roulstone, third foreman of  
Engine No. 3, of Charlestown, a sailmaker by trade, was  
crushed to death and taken out without a spark of life.  
Mr. Howard, of Engine No. 7, of Charlestown, was also  
killed. Mr. Emerson G. Thompson, of No. 7, of Charlestown,  
was dangerously wounded, and Mr. Gibbs, of the  
same company, was badly injured, but may recover. Be-  
sides these, Mr. Florence Sullivan, a laborer, employed by  
Crocker & Brewster, was badly burnt while attempting to  
save a horse from the stable. Miss Libbey, employed in  
the stable, was badly burned. Mr. Hawes, a boarder in  
the City Tavern, was also badly burned while rendering  
assistance in the stable. A boy named Lane, who was in  
front of the stable when the wall fell down, received a  
blow on the stomach, and is not expected to survive. Mr.  
Roulstone was crushed to death upon the spot; his brain  
was forced from his head by the concussion, was taken  
up and carried to the City Tavern, and his lifeless  
body was taken to the engine house of No. 18, and from  
thence was removed to Charlestown. It is said that there  
were over ninety horses in the stable when the fire broke  
out, and they were all saved. The stable was insured.  
The tower of Brattle Square church, and some of the wood  
work below, was on fire several times, which was extin-  
guished without serious injury. The burning of property  
was mostly confined to the stables.—Boston Cour., 16th.

GRAFTS OF LAST SPRING.—Look to the scions that you  
set last spring and let not the sprouts overtop them. It  
may not be proper to cut off all the sprouts close if you  
have not much head to your tree, but they may be lopped  
and checked so far as to give the scions the best chance.—  
Mass. Ploughman.

A duel, at five paces, with pistols, fought a few morn-  
ings since, near New Orleans, between a Polish teacher  
of small-sword exercise and a shoemaker, resulted in the  
death of both at the first fire.

A WORD TO DEBTORS.—Pay every man his dues, for it  
may be that thy creditor's pocket is empty, and exhaustion  
is dangerous at this season, and often fatal.

The St. Louis New Era of a late date says: "We un-  
derstand that an affair of honor was nipped in the bud in  
this city a few days since, by the wife of one of the belliger-  
ent parties turning the key of her chamber door upon her  
lord and master—and to make sure of her object, she had  
previously hid his hat and boots."

A THIN CLOAK.—An exchange paper, under the head of  
"Good Advice," advises young men to wrap themselves  
in their own virtue. A contemporary well says—"Many  
of them would freeze to death next winter, if they had no  
warmer covering."

THE WEATHER.—We have had within the past week  
several refreshing showers, which have given great relief  
to the parched and shriveled vegetation. Much complaint  
is heard about the wheat crop, the harvest of which is  
over. The barley crop is said to be very good. Corn  
promises now to be very fair. Grass is light. The potato  
vines give evidence of the work of the worm, or the disease  
that was so destructive last year. We do not expect more  
than half a crop.—Cayuga Tocsin.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—The Chicago Democrat learns  
that the British have a steam war ship of the largest size  
laid up at Pentagouine, about 200 miles from Mackinac,  
with a full crew in attendance, ready to sail at any moment.  
They have had but one company there till recently. They  
now have two full regiments of the Highland dragoons,  
and have enlarged and fortified more strongly the barracks  
at that place.

Attorney General Van Buren started last evening for  
Delaware county, to assist in the examination of the per-  
sons arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in the  
murder of Sheriff Steele.—Albany Atlas.

BAPTISM OF A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER AT THE AGE OF  
NINETY.—"I had the happiness of baptizing on the 15th  
day of June last, Mr. Nathaniel Beman, now in his 90th  
year. He was a soldier in the revolutionary struggle, and  
was the boy who led Col. Ethan Allen into the Fort at  
Ticonderoga, when it was captured by the Americans—  
He experienced a hope in the rich mercy of God in 1816,  
but had kept his talent buried. This has been a long neg-  
lected duty, yet in following his Master's footsteps he has  
received a blessing which astonishes him, and causes him  
to weep tears of joy. He is going (like one of our old men)  
on his way rejoicing."—N. Y. Esp. Reg.

New York Market.

MONDAY, AUGUST 18.—Cotton is feeble on the news: only  
one sale is reported, and that at a price offered on Satur-  
day, but then refused.

Flour is about 12 1/2 cts. better for the news, though  
opinion is not yet exactly fixed. Genesee, from old wheat,  
sold at \$4.38, from new wheat and brands a little extra,  
at \$4.50; Ohio \$4.25 a 31. No change in grain of any  
sort, and no sales of moment.

For new Mess Pork \$13.38 is freely offered, and small  
lots are sold at \$13.44 a 50. We heard of nothing else  
in provisions.

Stealing 10a10 1/2; France 5.35.

P. S. Evening.—Nothing more to report. Sugars are  
rather favorably affected by the news, though prices are  
not changed, but are very firm. 40 lbs Western smoked  
Hams sold at 8 1/2 cts. lb.—Jour. of Com.

New York Cattle Market Aug. 18th.

At market, 1400 Best Cattle, (200 from the South) 50  
Cows and Calves, and 4000 Sheep and Lambs.

Purses.—Best Cattle.—The sales of the past week have  
been large; 200 only of the large offering remaining un-  
sold, without, however, having effected any improvement  
on the figures of last week, which we resume:—Inferior  
and middling qualities, \$4 a 4.50; superior and prime, \$5  
a \$6.

Cows and Calves.—We quote \$14 a \$25, as the ex-  
treme ship Chas. Carroll, and Miss Elizabeth, youngest  
daughter of Capt. Josiah Chester, all of New London.

Sheep and Lambs.—Sheep, 87 1/2 cts., \$2.50 and \$3.  
75; Lambs, 75c., \$1.50 a \$2.50, according to quality. All  
taken.

Hay.—The market is amply stocked, and prices have  
considerably advanced. Sales to-day at \$1 per cwt.—Jour  
of Com.

Marriages.

In this city, on the 13th inst., by Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, Mr.  
Stephen T. Gordon and Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of Ez-  
ra S. Hamilton, Esq., all of this city.

In New London, on the 4th inst., Mr. John Libbey, of  
New London, and Miss Anna Williams, of Norwich.  
In Preston, July 27th, Mr. Nathan Lamphere and Miss  
Hannah M. Pratt.

In Griswold, on the 5th inst., Mr. Thos. M. Lawton and  
Miss Rowena Campbell.

In New London, on the 14th inst., Capt. Thomas Long,  
of the ship Chas. Carroll, and Miss Elizabeth, youngest  
daughter of Capt. Josiah Chester, all of



## Poetry.

Mr. DUNN.—I recently came across the following poem in a work entitled "Peace in believing, or Memoir of Isabella Campbell," and being much pleased with its extreme beauty, have taken the liberty of transmitting it to you for insertion in the Secretary.

## LOVE.

O! never, never canst thou know  
What then for thee the Saviour bore,  
The pangs of that mysterious woe  
That wrung His frame at every pore;  
The weight that pressed upon His brow,  
The fever of His bosom's core!  
Yes, man for man per chance may brave  
The horrors of the yawning grave;  
And friend for friend, or child for sire,  
Undaunted and unmoved expire,  
From love, or piety, or pride—  
But who can die as Jesus died?

A sweet but solitary beam,  
An emanation from above,  
Glimmers o'er life's uncertain dream,  
We hail that beam, and call it love!  
But fainter than the pale star's ray  
Before the noontide blaze of day,  
And lighter than the veiled sand  
Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,  
Is all of love that man can know—  
All that in angel's breast can glow—  
Compared, O Lord of Hosts, with thine,  
ETERNAL—FATHOMLESS—SUBLINE!

## FAMILY HARMONY.

O, sweet as vernal dews that fill  
The closing buds on Zion's hill,  
When evening clouds draw thither,  
So sweet, so heavenly 't is to see  
The members of one family  
Live peacefully together.  
The children, like the lily flowers,  
On which descend the suns and showers,  
Their hues of beauty blending;  
The parents, like the willow boughs,  
On which the lovely foliage grows,  
Their friendly shade extending.  
But leaves the greenest will decay,  
And flowers the brightest fade away,  
When autumn winds are sweeping;  
And be the household e'er so fair,  
The hand of death will soon be there,  
And turn the scene to weeping.

Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,  
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,  
When spring comes smiling hither;  
And friends who parted at the tomb,  
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,  
And meet in heaven together.

## LIBERTY.

BY ELIZABETH.

O, LIBERTY! I wait for thee  
To break this chain and dungeon-bar,  
I hear thy spirit calling me,  
Deep in the frozen North afar,  
With voice like God's and visage like a star!  
Long cradled by the mountain-wind,  
Thy mate the eagle and the storm,  
Arise, and from thy brow unbend  
The wreath that gives it starry form,  
And smite the Strength that would thy strength deform!  
Yet, Liberty! thy dawning light,  
Obscured by dungeon-bars, shall cast  
A splendor on the breaking night,  
And tyrants, flying pale and fast,  
Shall tremble at thy gaze, and stand aghast!

\*The leader of the attempted revolution in Cuba last year, who wrote this poem while in prison, waiting his execution, at Havana.

## Miscellaneous.

## SINECURES; OR, PARSON THACHER'S DAY.

BY C. M. KIRKLANE.

The Rev. Sydney Smith makes himself exceedingly merry with the claims which he declares to be habitual among the clergy of his country, to the character of persecuted saints—members of the church militant—called to suffer for the faith. He says such expressions had always been very puzzling to him until he recollected that no fewer than 800 clergymen, of the Church of England, had within a few years been prosecuted for non-residence. So that the interpretation seemed to be, that the reverend gentleman had made a slight mistake, between being persecuted for doing their duty, and being persecuted for not doing it.

This spark from the anvil of the doctory old Smith, who has given such trip-hammer blows to our sins of reputation, brought to mind a story which was told in my hearing once, by a friend who remembers every thing that has been said and done in New England since Miles Standish's time—an old friend, of course. Not a name—not a date—not a place of residence—not a family connection—no root or branch of tree genealogical, is ever wanting in these narratives. And, what is singular, even that rare ingredient, truth, the desideratum in a reminiscence, is always present to give zeal to the whole, so that one used never to be afraid to give, *inspersculum*, any of Miss —'s stories, even in presence of an ecclesiastical court.

The little story I am about to tell is at fourth hand, yet none the less worthy of credence. It refers to the only sinecure known to New England, and we shall take leave to call it

## PARSON THACHER'S DAY.

"When my brother E. was a little boy," said Miss —, "his health was delicate, and he was sent into the country to school, and there boarded at a great old farm-house, one in the real old New England style, of which few specimens now remain. Here, in the first cool weather of autumn, the family congregated about the kitchen-fire, so as not to disturb the flower pots which still ornamented the hearth of the keeping-room. The young student from Boston was accommodated, on one side of the fire, with a little stand, on

which was placed a tall iron candlestick, bearing a dipt candle with a wick an inch long, for the furtherance of his studies. Not being much inspired by the book under these circumstances, E. was wont to listen to the talk of an ancient dame, who sat with a perennial fountain of knitting-work, in a high-backed chair, on the opposite side of the fire, bestowing various hints and cautions upon a young clergyman, lately ordained, and hoping he would be "kerried through" all the work that was before him in the ministry of that parish.

The young clergyman, city bred, and only a guest at the farm-house, listened with deference and replied very satisfactorily to most of the old lady's remarks; but he could not be made to understand very clearly in what particulars he was likely to find his position more than usually difficult. He did not seem to seem to doubt that he should be "kerried through," though he said so very moderately.

"Humph!" said the old lady, taking a spare knitting-needle from her work and passing it gently under her cap, with a reflective air. "Did you ever hear about parson Thacher's day, Mr. Z—? My mother could remember parson Thacher though he died in 1737. He was a man that had been to school, and then to college, in this country; and that wasn't enough, but he must be sent to the old country, (it was the custom in them days) yes to Leyden, where he studied for the ministry, and not only that, but learned medicine and surgery; and not content with that studied law besides."

Mr. Z—began to open his eyes at this enumeration of his predecessor's accomplishments. "Yes," continued the good lady, "and besides, he was a good mechanic, so that he could use almost any tool. Well, he came back and settled in this town, and married Theodosia F., and she made him a good wife, and they lived very comfortably in this plain way."

"But," said the young clergymen, who being fresh from college, was the least in the world priggish, "I can scarcely see how Mr. Thacher's European acquirements were necessary to fit him for such a position."

"Humph," said the old lady, again; "stay till I tell you my story. One Monday morning, parson Thacher said to his wife, 'I've engaged to go to D— to preach an ordination sermon, on Wednesday, and I must set out to-morrow; so this day I must have entirely for my study, and you must not allow me to be interrupted for any thing short of a case of life or death.'" So Mrs. Thacher promised, and the good parson went thoughtfully up stairs to prepare his sermon.

He was scarcely seated, when a woman of the neighborhood came in, almost breathless, anxiously inquiring for Mr. Thacher.

"He is in his study and cannot be disturbed on any account."

"Oh dear," said the poor woman, "I don't know what I shall do then, for our best cow's very sick, and nobody can't do nothing to help her. We've had Loren, the cow-doctor, and he can't tell what's the matter with her. What will become of us if we lose her!" Now Mrs. Thacher felt so bad that she even ventured up stairs and knocked at her husband's door.

"Wife, you know I told you I couldn't—"

"Yes, but poor Mrs. Trimbley—"

"and then she told all about the cow, and tried to persuade the parson to go at once. This, he said, was out of the question; but he would certainly call after dinner, as he was obliged to pass by Mr. Trimbley's to go to a raising, where he had promised to make a prayer. So the poor woman went home very much comforted to think that parson Thacher would come at all, so great was her opinion of his skill. She had hardly shut the gate, when another neighbor came in as flushed and out of breath as Mrs. Trimbley; hardly remembering to say "how d'ye do?" before she cried out, "Where is Mr. Thacher?"

"My husband's in his study, and cannot be—"

"Oh, run up, do, Mrs. Thacher, and tell him that Mr. Vose and Mr. Hunt have had an awful quarrel again, and Mr. Vose says he's going off to Boston and employ lawyer Gridley, (a pretty awful threat in these days!) 'for he won't put up with ill usage any longer.'"

"This frightened Mrs. Thacher dreadfully, to think a quarrel should get to such a length in the neighborhood. So, knowing her husband's power as a peace-maker, she went up to his study-door once more.

"What is the matter now, wife?" said parson Thacher.

"Oh! a dreadful quarrel," &c., repeating all the threats and hard speeches, and begging her husband to interfere without delay.

"Well, I can't possibly go now, but send word to Mr. Vose not to go to Boston till he had seen me. I will call after dinner, as I go to the raising."

This pacified the messenger, and the parson went on with about the "fourthly" of his ordination sermon.

Presently a violent rapping with the heavy end of a whip was heard at the door, and a farmer from some distance off, inquired for Mr. Thacher.

Mrs. Thacher repeated the old excuse, but the farmer was not to be put off so easily. He insisted on the minister's wife going up and telling her husband that a man was below who must see him, being in great trouble and wanting immediate help. Upon this, with many groans, the parson at length came down, and learned that the man's axletree had broken under a load of potash-kettles, and he could do nothing without help.

"The only thing to be done," said parson Thacher, "is to make another axletree just like that. Go to my shed; there you will find a box of tools. Cut down a young hickory; make your axletree; and when it's ready, I'll come and help you put it in."

And then the parson turned to go up stairs again, but Mrs. Thacher told him the dinner was ready to take up, and would be on the table in a minute. So he sat down to dinner, and when that was finished, it was quite time to go to the raising. On the way he remembered the sick cow. He found the poor cow in great pain, and several of the neighbors standing round, looking at her.

"Have you tried this, and this, and such another thing?"

"Yes, but nothing does any good!"

And then parson Thacher with all his Leyden

learning, went close up to the cow, and examined her all over.

"Make beef of her while you can, Mrs. Trimbley," said he; "for her leg is broken, and there is nothing else to be done."

And so he jogged on to the scene of the quarrel. There he found Mr. Vose in a towering passion, declaring he would go yet to Boston for 'squire Gridley, although he had waited out of respect for the pastor.

"What is the difficulty this time?" said parson Thacher.

"Oh, the old thing over again. His cows have been in my corn, and I know they were turned in on purpose, and I'm determined, if it costs me every—"

"Send for Mr. Hunt!" said parson Thacher; and Mr. Hunt came. After some parley and hard things said on both sides, the parson asked:

"What may be the damage in money?"

"About two pistareens," says Mr. Vose.

"Well, you won't object to paying that, neighbor Hunt," said the pastor.

"Why—no?" said Mr. Hunt; and after a friendly exhortation the parson went on his way at a brisk trot, fearing to be late at the raising.

Here he found all in commotion, and as soon as he appeared, his name was called out by a dozen at once. A man had fallen off the timbers, and was taken up for dead. "But here is parson Thacher," said they. And the parson felt the man's pulse, said he was not dead, called for bandages, drew out a lancet, bled him, and in a short time signs of life appeared. All was soon over, and the man recovered. The raising went on; the minister made his prayer, and then set off for home, knowing he had the ordination sermon yet to finish. As he came past Hunt's, he found the man waiting at the gate for him.

"Mr. Thacher," says he, "you've saved me from an ugly quarrel, and I thank you for it. My wife wants you to accept of a leg of bacon of her own curing, and if you'll wait a minute, I'll step in and get it, and put it in your saddlebags."

So the bacon was brought, and it took some little time to get it into the saddlebags; but sermon or no sermon, such a present must not be refused. And parson Thacher trotted on, hoping supper would be ready when he got home. He had to pass Vose's door, too; and Vose, who was busy with something in the yard, looked up, and saw the minister, and stopped him, that he might thank him for his friendly office in the quarrel. While they were talking, Mr. Thacher said:

"Mr. Vose, may I trouble you to hand me up a good big stone, to put in the other side of my saddlebags, for Mrs. Hunt has given me a leg of bacon that weighs them down unequally, and causes them to slip."

"Not I, indeed, parson Thacher," says Vose; "I'll give you no stone; but my wife has got some nice cheeses, and if you'll wait just one minute, I'll step in and get one to balance your saddlebags."

The cheese was forthcoming in a moment, and stowed away, and parson Thacher chattered on his horse, and soon saw home. But at the gate he was met by his wife with a troubled countenance.

"Here are Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Wales come to stay all night, to go with you to-morrow to the ordination, and I've nothing in the world for supper but some eggs."

"Don't be troubled, my dear," said parson T.; and with that he pulled the ham and the cheese out of the saddlebags, and was about to step in to welcome his friends, when the man of the axletree boarded him, seemingly a good deal out of patience.

"Why, parson Thacher, you've staid so long, that it's too late for me to go to-night. There was nobody else here that could help me, and so here I am."

"Well, never mind, neighbor; you can sleep here and go on in the morning."

"Aye, but I must be ready to start before day," said the farmer, "and the axletree has got to be mended to-night."

Mr. Thacher saw there was nothing for it but to help the poor man after his own fashion; so he called for the lantern, and put up his horse, helped the man in with the axletree, ate his supper, performed the family devotions, saw all his guests safely stowed away for the night, and then sat down and finished his ordination sermon. And so ended parson Thacher's Day.

The old lady looked at the young clergymen, but he did not speak. He wore a very sad countenance, and very soon taking up his tall iron candlestick, went musingly to bed.

Qu. What would the eight hundred persecuted clergymen, or even the reverend Sydney himself, think of a New England sinecure?—*Columbian Magazine*.

From the Christian Watchman.

## BEAUTIES OF SLAVERY.

In looking over the pages of the weekly Louisville (Kentucky) Journal of July 30, we noticed several advertisements of rewards offered for the capture and return of run-away slaves.

A Mr. Bright offers \$50 for the return of his boy HENRY. Mr. Greer offers \$20 for the capture of a man named ANDY, who is, by trade, a barber. A runaway preacher is valued at a much higher rate; but we deem the advertisement concerning him worthy of being copied entire.

\$400 REWARD.—Run away from the subscriber, on the 9th of May, a negro man, named RICHARD. He crossed the Ohio river between Barker's and Ford's ferry, and the last account I had of him was on the Shawneetown road.

He is of a dark copper color, about five feet eight or ten inches high, weighs between 145 and 160 pounds, a little stooped shouldered. I think he has lost an eye tooth, between 35 and 40 years old, is quite intelligent, reads and writes very well, and is, I have no doubt, furnished with free papers. He calls his name Richard Warren or Richard Smith, is a preacher, and has a license to exhort, endorsed by the elder of Stone River Circuit or Murfreesborough Station. Had on when he left home, mixed jenns clothes and white hat. He has a fine head of hair, (when combed,) preaches and sings well, and I have no doubt he will try to make his living in that way. His coat is bound with black, and his buttons from bottom to top.

I will give the above reward if delivered to me on the south side of the Ohio river, \$200 if delivered to me north of the Ohio river or secured in any jail so that I can get him in possession, and

if delivered to me in Murfreesborough I will pay any reasonable expense.

July 9 w8 WM. H. SMITH.

Some of our churches at the north are unwilling to give \$400 for their preacher. But here is a single Kentuckian offering to pay that sum to have his preacher come back.

## THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

On the south side of Key West is a fine beach, of considerable extent. I derived great pleasure from strolling along this beach, and whilst I collected the shells and marine substances which the sea had cast ashore, indulged in solitary reflection.

Often has my imagination recalled the events of other times, and conjured up scenes or circumstances calculated to give life and interest to the prospect. Here lay concealed the wily Buccaneer, watching with intense anxiety for his prey, or endeavoring to entice him within his grasp.

How often has the shore been strewed with materials plundered from some unfortunate vessel. Behold you blazing wreck in the distance, whilst the air resounds with the oaths and imprecations of the pirate crew, or the prayers and supplications of the hopeless captive. Alas how many hands have been uplifted, and how many voices exerted in vain entreaties for mercy! Cold blooded murderers. They were steeled against every visiting of compassionate feeling. What a contrast to the exciting picture which my fancy had drawn is offered by the tranquility which now reigns around. Nought is heard but the roaring of the ocean, or the occasional note of some solitary bird, startled by the footsteps of man.

Around me lay wrecked and ruined, the dearest hopes of humanity. The bones of that husband for whose return the anxious wife has looked in vain, lie bleaching here. Who can calculate the amount of misery inflicted upon humanity, and the crimes perpetrated? What tongue shall tell the anguish of that mother's heart, who after long and prayerful hope, gave up her child, believing that in the ocean's bosom he has found a grave. She little dreams that his mortal remains lie buried in yon barren bank of sand. The pirate and his murdered victim have passed away from the scene of action. We cannot pretend to lift the veil of futurity, but we may presume that whilst the latter sleeps in the sweet hope of happiness hereafter, the former shall awake to a tremendous retribution.

Indulging such thoughts as these, I one day reached the spot which had been appropriated by Commodore Porter as a burial place for his officers and men, who died whilst cruising against the pirates of the West Indies. It is about a mile from the light house, situated on a sand hill within one hundred yards of the sea. Most of the tombs were in a state of decay. The wind had blown the sand from around some, others had tumbled to the ground, whilst one or two which were of marble, could still be deciphered. Here rest the ashes of those brave generous men who, relinquishing the comforts and endearments of society went forth into distant seas to fight the battles of humanity. The benefit of their exertions is daily felt in the security given to commerce, and the lives of their fellow men; but nothing remains to mark the scene of their suffering and their triumph, but a few frail perishing memorials, which the hand of friendship has erected.

Where is the boasted gratitude of man, and why has not a column been erected to their memories?

Apart from the rest stood one solitary grave. No stone indicated the name of its tenant, but woman's love had consecrated the spot. The soil being such as would not support vegetation, a tub containing rich earth had been sunk into the grave in which a flowering tree had been planted. This tree after a lapse of eight or ten years, still continued to bloom and shed its odors around. Happy, cried I, that warrior, upon whose dying couch woman's tear had been shed, and upon whose neglected grave she had planted a memorial of her affection. Long may the kindly dews and showers descend upon and nourish thy token and hallow thy affection, woman. Rest, spirit of the brave! beauty hath consecrated thy memory, and the waves of the ocean, sighing on the sea-beach, shall sing thy requiem.

Rest, sailor, rest! affection's hand Hath planted in that sterile strand, And hallowed in that blooming tree, A precious tribute, worthy thee.

The roaring surge, the foaming wave, May dash their spray upon thy grave; But sweetest birds from distant bowers, Shall warble 'mong those fragrant flowers.

Their plaintive notes, the wave's wild moan Shall tell of joys forever flown; And evening's soft and dewy tear Shall steal in perfume o'er thy bier.

A CONTENTED PASTOR.—"Extract from a letter of Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Bedell, when he was invited to the charge of Trinity College, Dublin: 'I have a competent living of above a hundred pounds a year, in a good air and seat, with a very convenient house near to my friends, a little parish, not exceeding the compass of my weak voice. I have often heard it, that changing sea-wood brings the better, especially to those that are well. All these reasons I have, if I consult with flesh and blood, which move me rather to reject this offer (yet with all humble and dutiful thanks to my Lord Primate for his mind and good opinion of me); on the other side, I consider the end, wherefore I came into this world, and the business of a subject to our Lord Jesus Christ, of a minister of the Gospel, of a good patriot, and of an honest man. If I may be of any better use, &c., &c., and if God call me, I must answer, Here I am. For my part, therefore, I will not stir one foot, or lift up my finger for or against this motion; but if it proceed from the Lord, that is, if those whom it concerns there, do procure those who may command me here, to send me thither, I shall obey.'"

STYLE IN PUBLIC SPEAKING.

The pithy writer who calls himself, "Old Gilbert," in an essay on the subject of speech-making and preaching, gives some of his views in the following paragraphs.

We confess our likes for effective pulpit style. A minister is not a pulpit essayist. A minister is not a philosophical lecturer. A fine book style is not a fine pulpit style. The heart is the minister of the desk. The best style is that which brings the intellect down through the heart, and melts all its precious metals in that hot furnace. If

you want a specimen, take good old South—see what edge is in all he said. Playful but not light, sharp but not sour—imaginative but not dramatic—using common words with uncommon power—speaking to you as if he expected to convince you—full of earnestness—decided without dogmatism—witty but not vulgar. All his words strike you like the explosion of torpedoes.

Some preachers use a sort of air-gun. You hear no report—you see some effect. Others are real artillery-men—thundering and blazing. No objection to the artillery-men, if they will only throw balls, but it is rather funny, to fire loud guns, and have very small shot.

Let every man keep to his own natural style. All children can cry alike. Some cry easy—some make a great blubbering. All preachers can't preach alike. Personal taste should be rectified, and then become personal law. How would Milton's old Gothic architectural style suit him in Colridge's Germanic idiom? How would Hall look in Chalmers' garb? How would Wesley appear in Hervey's gaudy robes? Let every man be natural, but let him take care what is natural. Nature is a very indefinite word nowadays. If you have the volume of water of Niagara, then you may become a cataract, but a bucketful won't answer. If you have electricity, you may afford to thunder, but not without.

JESUITS.—We understand that the Superior General of the Jesuits arrived last week, in this city, from Paris, and is now on a visit to St. Mary's, Marion county, Ky. The object of his visit to America, and particularly to Kentucky, it is said, is to take a general view of education, and see how our youth are generally instructed. But more probably he comes to reconnoitre and make soundings for the future. Should the French Government enforce the execution of the existing laws, as urged to do, undoubtedly this country will be their place of retreat, and we shall be overrun with an order of men, who, as an order have been justly regarded as a curse to every country where they have established themselves.

—*Louisville Courier*.

THE CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE.—As this Society has no general agent, and but a single local agent, to present its claims to the churches, two of the pastors of this city, both members of its Executive Committee, acted as its voluntary agents during a recent tour in the West. The deepest interest was manifested in the cause by Christians of various evangelical denominations, wherever it was presented. Public meetings in its behalf were held at Chicago, Elgin, Milwaukee, Detroit, and Buffalo. At several of these places auxiliary societies were organized. Such societies are particularly important at the West, to keep Protestants on the alert, to encourage the discussion of the great principle of religious freedom, and especially to combine the prayers and efforts of the members of the several Protestant communions against a system from which all are in danger, and to which all are opposed. The Alliance is daily becoming better known to the public, and acquiring a stronger hold upon the American people. It needs at present an increase of funds to enable it to perfect its system of operations abroad, to provide religious instruction for destitute and benighted Italians, and to diffuse information at home respecting the condition and wants of Italy and the present aspects of Romanism throughout the world. While Romanists are expending tens of thousands in the United States, let us not be indifferent to Italy.—*N. Y. Era*.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY.—Office North side State House Square, in Exchange Building. This Company was incorporated by the Legislature of Connecticut with a capital of One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars, for the purpose of effecting Fire and Marine Insurance, and has the power of increasing its capital to half a million of dollars.

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N. B. Just published several new and valuable works, among which are Fuller and Weyland on Slavery; A Pure Christianity the World's Only Hope; Cruden's Condensed Concordance, London Apprentice, &c.

From the Religious REVIVAL.

DEAR BROTHER SANDS—ult, a meeting of days was little church worshipping at Hanover Co., about 14 miles. Our beloved Bro. Ball is acting church, preaching for them Lord's day in each month. continued without intermission, of Wednesday following, meeting, some eight or ten, fully converted, and made the siah's spiritual kingdom. Oly concerned for their soul, resolving never to relax the the pearl of great price. The state of things in this little ed by his love, of whatever bly drawn to the spot.

The Lord carry on the been here commenced, and labors of the dear brethren.

With Christian affection,

A GLORIOUS RE-

PIKEVILLE, TENN.

DEAR BROTHER HOWELL: good news than I anticipated death which has been so through our state. We so meeting at Prospect Church week ago. I continued with day night, near 12 o'clock. had made a profession, and the pearl of great price. It was the church was revived, and ized revival. The first pr ever heard of being got up in ed with this church. May the state like fire in stubble.

O that I could do more for I hope you will hear some again. Adieu for the present

Tenn. Baptist.

NEAR Maury Co.

DR. HOWELL,

DEAR BROTHER:—On last interesting meeting closed at Maury county, twelve miles from meeting commenced on the protracted till last evening, which time twenty-four people and 30 united with the church number to from 22 to 52. one of the most active, interest in all this country. Many of are persons whose standing a community will give a new of truth.

16.

STAN-

SCOTT CO.

DEAR BROTHER BUCK:—I these times of spiritual decl the Lord has visited us in me with a rich shower of Divine brother Fisher commenced a in this place on the 11th inst. pointment.

The meeting continued to whole time the congregation some occasions the house filled. We also had our pious yo Combs, and the ministers of occasional visits from others, ing was mostly done by broth were 29 additions to the church ing. We feel to thank God steps of brother Fisher to this have faithful and able ministers hope that the blessing of the L wherever he goes; his labors great approbation. There are were deeply affected during the trust that they will, ere long, in the blessed Saviour, and be Your brother affectionate

Ban. & Pioneer.

DEAR BRO. BUCK:—It is form you I have just closed days, commenced on July 5th part of this county.

On the first invitation to forward, but before the close presented